



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,

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To a little Girl named Mary

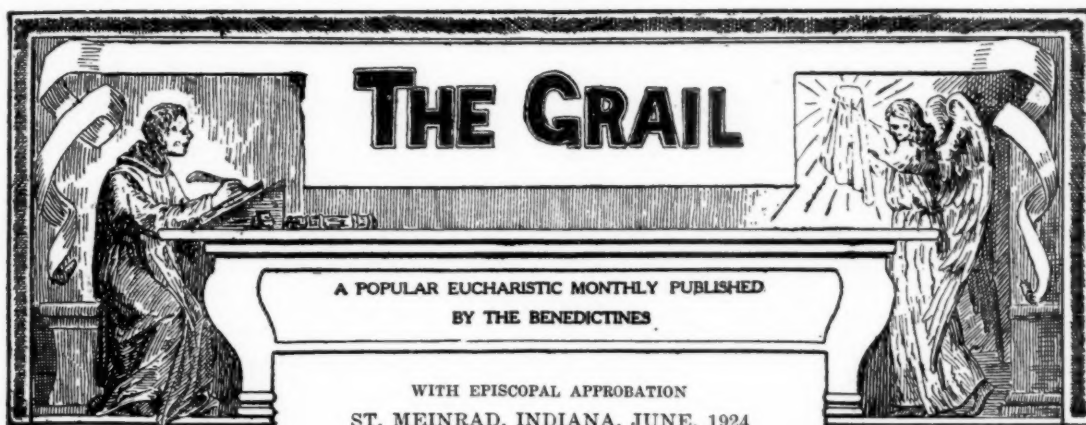
NANCY BUCKLEY

Dear little maid with eyes of blue,
You bring such lovely gifts with you:
Your dreams of life unweighed of care,
Your love, your faith so sweet and rare.

You dance along through flying hours
You never heed the passing showers,
You sing in voice of gentle tone
The softest winds have made their own.

You make me dream of tender things:
Of butterflies on flashing wings,
Of happy days sunkissed by June,
Of nights lit by a baby moon,

Of little saints with folded hands,
Of gardens where the lily stands,
Of meadows silvered o'er with dew.
You bring these lovely things with you!



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Sacred Heart Appeals to You

The Holy Spirit breatheth where He will, say the Scriptures. Because of the influence of these gentle inspirations many a youth has spurned worldly honors and dignities and pleasures and riches and has taken up the sweet yoke of Christ. Of this we are forcibly reminded each year especially at Pentecost when the Holy Spirit is communicated to so many young men in the sacrament of holy orders. The call to the higher life has been heeded, the heart has been trained to piety, and a long and arduous course of studies has preceded the laying on of hands. Happy the day for those who are chosen. It is a joyful day for the fond parents who have long been looking forward to the great event—they now see their son a priest forever at the altar of God. The congregation from which the young man went forth turns out in gala attire on the day of his First Holy Mass to rejoice with him. Another levite has been taken from their midst and placed at the altar to offer up the unbloody sacrifice.

But the Savior complained that many were called while only few were chosen. Many who might have done so have not responded to the loving call of grace. Other interests, however, such as attachment to the world and its pleasures, the love of relatives, and the like, have prevailed. He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me.

There is a great scarcity of priests everywhere. The home missions cannot supply their own needs; the foreign missions are begging for priests. Neither the secular clergy nor the religious orders get enough recruits. We shall watch with interest the campaign for vocations that was opened recently at Pittsburgh.

In this month of the Sacred Heart, in which we celebrate the great feasts of Pentecost, Trinity, and Corpus Christi, we should redouble our petitions to the Lord of harvests to increase the number of laborers. The harvest is vast, immeasurably great, beyond com-

prehension. A zealous priesthood and a fervent, enlightened, energetic laity are needed to gather in this harvest.

Enlist in this cause the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom. The League has for its object the interests that lie nearest to the Sacred Heart: "That they may all be one as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." This union, for which the League prays, is threefold: union among Catholics, the return to unity of Faith by Protestants, the conversion of all non-Christians. To attain this object the League requires very little of the individual members: just a brief daily offering, an occasional Holy Communion received, and a Mass heard. What could be more simple? Every reader of THE GRAIL should be an active member of the League. Write to the editor and tell him that you want to be affiliated with the International Eucharistic League.

Why the Catholic School

While the Church on the rock is ever at the mercy of the waves of hatred and enmity, each age brings with it some particular object of special attack. At present it is the Catholic school. Yet our schools need no apology for their existence—their attainments are sufficient proof of their worth. Not only are they not inferior to the public schools in science and learning, as has so often been objected, but they hold first rank among the foremost. Unsuccessful attempts have been made in several states to close our schools, and the fight is still on. The spirit of darkness, who uses men as his tools, is never at rest.

Many of our Catholic parents seem not awake to the fact that they must endeavor, whenever possible, to give their children not only higher education, but higher education in a Catholic school, where the child's morals are protected and his character trained. In the public, that is, secular, high schools, colleges, and universities, the youth of our land imbibe wrong prin-

ciples, which set them on the wrong track for time and possibly for eternity too. There the Catholic young man or young woman is almost sure to be weakened in his faith if not entirely robbed of this priceless treasure and often enough of morals likewise.

This is a frivolous age in which we live and the young of our day need the milk of religion in the formation of character that they may guide right and keep to the paths of justice. Of late, complaints from all points of the compass have come to our table deploring the levity of children and the boldness with which they carry on. A correspondent who lives in Alabama, a teacher of little ones, exclaims: "Some of the ground is indeed stony, the carelessness of parents, the indifference to everything that is not for pleasure! The poor pastors have a thorny road of it these days." Another, writing from Vermont, in reminiscent mood, thus refers to the past when "people seemed holier and truer. There were no foolish problems in life, no movie houses, no theaters, and the children played among old Vermont fields of buttercups and daisies the whole day. You would be surprised to see the children in this city, Catholic as well as Protestant. I could not write about what I see. I am sorry for many of them." A mother in the Middle West believes that because of the prevailing laxity of morals, she is better off in the country without a Catholic neighbor than she would be in town.

There is an absolute necessity for our schools, if virtue is to be maintained. There is need of Catholic higher education if our Catholic men and women are to be leaders among their fellow men. It was the hope of the promoters of "Catholic High School Week" in May, which was observed all over the United States, to inspire children in the grades with a desire for higher education, that there may be an appreciable increase in the number of Catholic pupils in our Catholic high schools. In 1923 the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference found that only seven out of every 100 Catholic children reach the eighth grade, that only eight out of every 1,000 reach the fourth year of high school, and that only twelve out of every 10,000 are graduated from college. These figures are far from flattering to say the least.

Catholic parents, give your children an opportunity to acquire an education. Encourage them in their aspirations for learning, insist on it that they make use of the opportunities presented, but see to it above all things that they are safeguarded by Catholic influence. Choose a Catholic high school, college, or university for your children. Such a choice is of utmost importance, for what would it profit them to gain all knowledge and thereby suffer the loss of their immortal souls?

The grace of the Eucharist is greater than that of the Incarnation; for in the Incarnation God deified only His soul and His Sacred Humanity, but in this sacrifice He deifies all men—St. Teresa.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Faith in Vacation Time

We all know, even if we so seldom realize it, that the virtue of faith is really at the bottom of everything in religion. The obligations of our religion, the obedience to conscience, the dread of hell, and the hope for heaven, have a foundation which is not one that we can see, hear, or feel; but a supernatural one, namely, God, in Himself invisible, spiritual. If we did not believe that God exists, and that He demands our services as Lord and Creator, naturally we should not long persevere in the duties of religion. Thus the loss of faith necessarily means loss of all sense of religious duty.

Constantly Attacked

It is a fact, too, that our faith is being constantly attacked. The devil, plotting our ruin, considers the loss of our faith as his complete victory, the material, pagan world, recognizing in its daily life only that which is subject to sense-perception, is an ever-present urge towards non-belief. Within and without, our faith is being daily assailed.

Our Protection

Realizing the value of our faith, we look about for means to protect our treasure. Of course, they are never lacking. Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Mass are the powerful weapons placed at our disposal by Our Lord. If we cease at any time to use these means, our faith must certainly suffer. At first it is weakened; and this means a loss of fervor and diligence and strength in performing our duties and resisting temptation. If our negligence continues, loss of faith will certainly ensue. This, however, means the loss of our religion and, if we receive not again the grace of faith, eternal damnation.

Vacation time is on. It is good to put off the cares of business and labor for a time, to recuperate new strength for the coming year. But we may never take a vacation from our religion. These obligations bind us always and at all times. How many Catholics suffer untold harm to their faith during vacation. The sacraments are forgotten, daily prayer is neglected, and Sunday Mass must yield to excursions and picnics. Take your vacation; but never cast off the protection which is so absolutely necessary to guard the priceless treasure of faith.

A Comparison of Statistics

An article recently in the "Literary Digest" regarding lynchings in the United States gave occasion to

look up more about this matter. According to good sources, we find that there were 3,539 lynchings in this country from 1885 to 1912. Of course this is an awful list of mob murders in what is supposed to be a civilized country. It is indeed very bad when compared to the death record of that country and institution which historians of a certain type have delighted in holding up to their readers as the most horrible thing in history—the Spanish Inquisition. However, in consulting reliable statistics regarding this institution, we find that its list of victims in all the 300 years of its existence did not exceed 4,000. In other words, in our enlightened age and country there were nearly as many lynchings in 27 years as there were victims of the Inquisition in 300 years. Moreover, whereas all openly admit that these lynchings were plain murders, we can say with truth that the Inquisition was a court with legal status, not contrary to the mode of thought and ideas of the times, in which the spiritual authorities adjudged the accused guilty or not guilty, of heresy; and then, if guilty, turned him over to the civil powers who dealt with him as one commonly regarded as a menace to the welfare of state and nation. It is true, we cannot endorse the Inquisition in all that it did, and we regret what excess of zeal it may have at times displayed; yet we cannot doubt that if a Spaniard of olden time could have peered into the future thus far, he would have endured his age of severity and the Inquisition more readily than risk the twentieth century and its mobs murdering with impunity.

The "National Cathedral"

Just now, in Washington, the Episcopalians are building a magnificent church. Certainly no one will object to that. Neither do we object if they wish to consider this church as their national cathedral. But we may and do object to newspapers and other publications referring to this church as the American Westminster and the national cathedral, if by that they mean to give this church the significance of the center of American religion in general. Even though Protestant denominations are content to look upon this church as the national shrine of their various sects, which we doubt; still we Catholics desire that the term "national cathedral" be not used without some restriction. Our national shrine of the Immaculate Conception, now also building near Washington, will be the Catholic national shrine, but not the national shrine—for all religions.

Art Without Frills

It was our privilege lately to have the Hilger Sisters at St. Meinrad. If we may speak any more of a "rare treat," we should be inclined to speak of their musical concert as such. In spite of their youth, they displayed masterly perfection in all their numbers. But what was as noteworthy as their artistic perfection, was the absence of all artificiality in their appearance

and performance. True Christian modesty and culture were evident there throughout, and added a charm as distinctive as it is rare. We were not only instructed and awed, but edified as well.

Where Advice is Needed

Holy Scripture gives it as a mark of perfect prudence to do nothing without advice. Indeed, few of us are willing to go into an important undertaking without solid counsel. Yet we daily see many going into marriage, one of the most important undertakings of life, heedless of all sound admonition, guided only by passion or sentiment. It is this kind of marriage that is entered into, not "till death do us part," but "till the judge do us divorce."

There are difficulties to be encountered in wedded life, which should not be entered heedlessly. Two persons of different temperaments form an indissoluble partnership. One or the other will at times have to yield. It is because in altogether too many cases neither will give in that scandal mongers find topics for conversation, lawyers are kept busy, and the divorce mills grind on and on. While respect for marriage is on the decrease and the number of divorces is steadily increasing at an alarming rate, there are still many men and women outside the Church who look upon the marriage tie as something sacred. For the Catholic there is no alternative. A noteworthy example of making marriage a success, even under adverse circumstances, is to be found in a letter contributed by one of our noble Catholic mothers to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for May. She writes:

"We have been married for twenty years. There were numerous occasions when I could have been the cause of a cyclone that might have wrecked our happiness. My dear old mother often whispered to me, 'Remember that married life is fifty-fifty and for the wife and sometimes for the husband, it is 98 to 2.'"

"God has blessed me with eight darling children and I would not and I could not but with sorrow give up any one of them. When God sent my second child to bless our home, the doctor told me that a third would mean my death. Knowing that the first object of marriage is to people heaven with the souls of the blessed, and appreciating the dignity which God had given to me, realizing that He was using me as His instrument to bring souls and yet more souls to Him, I would rather die than offend Him by following non-Catholic suggestions. God has blessed me for my trust in Him and has blessed my beloved little ones because I considered Him first and myself last. My husband told me many a time, though it would break his heart to see me dead, he would rather see me dead a thousand times than offend God, and he loved me all the more because Catholic principles of motherhood were mine.

"Catholic girls, your marriage will be happy if you are generous and cheerful; generous with God and your husband and cheerful in the pursuit of your duties

of married life. You must make sacrifices to be happy. Do not think that married life means the end of working for your living. It is only the beginning of work, hard work, years of sacrifice, and your happiness will depend upon yourself. Do not think that you can make yourself happy in marriage with any kind of man. He must be virtuous, one who has solid Catholic principles, one who is not lazy, one who can return your love, if you make home attractive and keep yourself and your children attractive. Above all, learn to bite your lips when you are tempted to use the tongue too freely."

Vocation Talks

F. NORBERT, O. S. B.

GRADUATIONS AND COMMENCEMENTS

June with its joys, kindled by the renewed life and the beauty of nature, is quite appropriately chosen as the time for graduations and commencements. It is at this time that thousands of young men and women stop at the crossroads of life and tarry a moment for consideration.

June will see thousands graduating from the common grades and passing into high school. It will witness the graduation of many from high school, prepared and determined to matriculate in some college. Others again will be leaving the university equipped to fight the battle of life in the professions they have chosen.

A QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED

The questioning thought, "What shall I be?" should be the keynote of every student's graduation. Shall I be content with a humble calling in life, or shall I scale the walls of difficulty to higher things? Shall my motto be that of the man of success, "Excelsior"? The monumental deeds of the great men of the past are heralds to us of the great truth that all of us can reach the higher rungs in the ladder of success if we have the determination to do so. Where there is a will there is a way. The great Napoleon determined from his early youth to be a world conqueror and to-day the nations still stand in awe at the almost incredible comprehensiveness of the rule which he swayed over practically the whole of Europe. In every case where determination is attended by holy inspiration, the secret to success in life will be easily found.

THE USEFUL AND NOBLE! WHY NOT THE SUBLIME?

When debating with himself as to his vocation in life, the boy almost invariably will be inclined to embrace a useful or even a noble state of life. Quite often it happens that these young aspirants tend even to the very sublime states in life. Such a tendency is to be whole-heartedly encouraged since in very many cases it is a call to a life consecrated to the service of God in the priesthood or in the religious state.

There is, indeed, great need of such workers for the

greater honor and glory of God. The yellow races of the Far East are languishing in spiritual misery for want of some willing workers, to stay their course to eternal perdition. Will you, young reader, volunteer, as a missionary to help save them? Many of your fellow-men are daily perishing in sin near you? Do you feel a desire to come to their assistance as a minister of the Most High and dispense the grace of the Sacraments to them? Or do you realize that life is a combat involving uncertain victory, and feel an impulse to consecrate yourself to God by observing the three evangelical counsels in the religious state?

Consider well, you are at the crossroads of life. Your decision as to a state of life will affect your welfare not only for time but for eternity. Act in the living present. Seize the grace which God holds out to you. Take counsel of wise men and secure means to carry out your noble, or better, your sublime determination.

Mother

CHARLES JULIUS HERRICK

Far softer than the silent, sifting snow,
Far warmer than the ardent ember's glow,
As soothing as when summer zephyrs blow—
A mother's touch.

More potent than the proudest princely will,
Yet tender as the babe whom it doth still,
As brilliant as the sparkling rustic rill—
A mother's glance.

The reason why the sunshine seems so bright,
The reason why a father's cares seem light,
The reason why a wrong world seems all right,—
A mother's smile.

Surpassing far the sweetest feathered throats,
Soul-soothing with its pure angelic notes,
How vibrant o'er the drowsy infant floats—
A mother's voice.

Of greater depth not e'en the sea can prate,
Outlasting e'en the rocks, enduring state,
Nor e'en through time eternal will abate—
A mother's love.

A treasure dearer far than precious ore,
The loss of which doth grieve unto the core
The heart of him who hath, alas! no more—
A mother dear.

Are You Guilty?

P. K.

There, lifeless, in the street it lay,
So beautiful and young,
A neighbor's name,—killed, so they say,
By an unbridled tongue.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter X

"**W**HERE is the nurse?" inquired Philip as he sat down at the supper table.

"She is upstairs," replied his sister; "I did not want her with us."

Philip was about to inquire facetiously whether she thought the nurse was a "good looker," but a glance at Willie Pat's tired face turned his thought completely. Philip was very proud of his sister, and he loved her tenderly; and his self-reproach, although silent, had been long and bitter for the sorrow and anxiety he had given her and for the heavy burden of responsibility his absence from home had laid upon her young shoulders since their father's illness. So he spoke no further of the nurse; but, instead, began to plan rapidly in his own mind something that might be of immediate pleasure and diversion for Willie Pat; and, when, after a few moments of silence, he was ready to speak, he said:

"Willie Pat, I wish you would go out to Aunt Mahala's and get some wild honey. I haven't any since I left home, and with these biscuits—"

"These biscuits could not be any better if they were swimming in wild honey," interrupted Danny.

"You've never had any of Aunt Mahala's," retorted Philip. "She lives in an old log house just this side of Bohun's Knob, right in the woods, you might say; and that dark wild honey of hers has an aroma like that of all the flowers on the mountain side. She is a great friend of Willie Pat's. She thinks Willie Pat, as they say out in that ocountry, 'made the moon and hung it.' Couldn't you go tomorrow, Sis?"

"Surely not tomorrow, Philip. The nurse is here, and Mr. Johnson in the condition you know. And besides, I have no one to go with me. It is too late to ask Katherine, and you cannot spare the time right now, can you?"

"Yes, I can spare the time easily enough; but it will be better for Mr. Lacey to take you and for me to remain on the place. Johnson will be all right soon. Just before I came down, he opened his eyes, and I could see that he recognized me. Aunt Millie can take care of the nurse. And then I have a good hand to help finish up the tobacco while Danny is gone."

"A good hand?" repeated Willie Pat.

"Yes. Have you forgotten the invaluable Simkins?"

"Is he back?" asked Danny in astonishment. "I thought he would be afraid."

"Not a bit," returned Philip; "he feels quite safe,—I might say, quite important. You see, he claims to have saved your life and mine from Johnson, and to have saved Johnson from himself,—from becoming a criminal by shooting us. He saved him, it is true, by striking him on the head with a club."

"Well," added Danny, "I should be delighted to accompany Miss Willie Pat."

"I'll think it over," vouchsafed that young lady, "and see."

But next morning, when the golden sun, after sprinkling the hilltops and flooding the fields and drenching the woods with his light, was now rising up so as to peep down even into the misty valleys, a lone buggy, drawn by a single black horse, stood motionless in the pike where this swung round the brow of a hill and led suddenly upon the view of a deep and wide valley beneath; and in the moveless buggy sat our two young friends. Blue hills beyond, green valley below, the river glinting through the trees that marked its sinuous course through the fertile lowland. At their left, a gorge, choked with evergreens, opened romantically out into the wider valley. The scent of the evergreens, of wild honeysuckle and of locust blossoms filled the air; the mocking bird's rapturous song floated to them from across the valley, up from which came a watchdog's barking and the happy strain of a woman's song. Like a checkerboard embroidered was the floor of the valley, its fields of varied colors being the squares, and the strips of woodland, the orchards, and the winding streamways being the embroideries. Danny was oppressed with the sheer beauty of it all. Softly he spoke something to Willie Pat, but she gazed on in silence. Minutes passed, and still she sat as one entranced. Danny very quietly and gently touched the horse's flank with the whip lash, and the buggy moved slowly on. Downward it moved to the valley, the hill ever rising upon the right, the valley floor ever nearer upon the left. Winding and descending, winding and descending with new vistas at every turn, with the shapes,—yes, with the very color,—of the hills changing with their descent, they at length came down upon the comparatively level stretch of turnpike that led to the covered bridge across the river. Only then Willie Pat spoke and it was as one in a dream.

"It was beautiful."

And now Danny could not make reply for he was intoxicated as with an excess of happiness, new and strange and to him wonderful, and his very heart seemed bent upon choking him. Besides, were he to speak, his voice, he knew, would sound so harsh and his words so crude as to be a disillusionment and a desecration. For Danny was now in a sanctuary, wide as the world, and as wonderful, it is true, but a sanctuary nevertheless; a sanctuary of beauty, down into which in the very sunbeams beamed the smile of God, and in which, worshipping with him, was surely God's fairest creature;—fair of face, yes, but a thousand times fairer of soul. That was the wonder of it to Danny, the beauty of her soul, entranced with the kindred beauty of this wondrous June-world.

And now they came into a little hamlet, in which the level pike, turning to avoid the steep hill again, made a sharp elbow. Past an old brick mansion with a shady lawn and stile-block in front; past the blacksmith's shop and his cottage next door; past the village doctor's home with its flower beds and its swinging sign; past a lazy 'hound-dog' already taking a nap in the shade of a silver poplar with its ever trembling leaves; past a few white hens that scurried reluctantly out of the roadway; past a group of fine-looking, tall, sinewy young fellows with great, drooping straw hats, and 'gal-luses' over square shoulders, and sun-faded work-clothes that had been up and down many a sunny field,—see the straw hats lifted respectfully because of Miss Willie Pat; past,—no, they stop before the cozy little home with its windlass well in front, and they ask a drink, and they receive it from the clean and comely woman who invites them to rest a while, and who remarks that it looks like rain. There is not a cloud in the sky, yet Willie Pat concurs agreeably in the prognostication, to Danny's amazement; and then they drive on. Now they are out of the village, and Willie Pat directs:

"Turn to the right here."

"Here?" cried Danny in a tone and with a look of surprise. "Up that stony road?"

"It is not so bad," asserted Willie Pat. "We can get over it easily in a buggy. Some parts are smoother, too, and not so rocky. And there are just a few hills, as it follows the creek mostly."

"All right," consented Danny, and he turned off the good pike on to the roughest road he had ever yet been over. But it offered recompense. It lay, most of it, in the cool, deep shadow cast by the wooded bluff on their left, a pleasant little stream chattered over its rocky

bed on their right; across the stream arose a sunlit cliff crowned with bushes and with higher hills behind it; and up the valley moved little breezes, refreshing, and softer than velvet to the touch. As the road was rough, they drove only at a walk. Surely every circumstance conspired to make this their first real conversation a happy one. For the first time, they were alone together, no one to hear what they might say, no one—on this secluded road,—even to see them. And yet they did not tire of the cliff-guarded stream and blue sky above; they did not urge the horse to go faster; they were surprised when, after an hour, coming at length out of the valley to the open upland, they saw the tip of Bohun's Knob rising, rising and growing, rising and growing more massive, more stately, more impressive every moment they advanced, and Willie Pat announced:

"Well, I declare, we are almost there!"

"Already?" inquired Danny in surprise.

"Yes," replied Willie Pat, flushed with pleasure at Danny's undisguised astonishment, "we have now come fourteen miles."

"I can't believe it," was all that Danny's honest soul could find to say.

"And now we go down, and then we go up, and then we slip to the right into a little road through the bushes, which I will point out to you because you would never see it, and then we pass a watering trough at which Bob can have a drink, and then we turn to the left, and then we are at Aunt Mahala's."

"Indeed and indeed," said Danny, "you are a wonderful guide. Soon we shall see how true a guide. However, truly we are going down. I never before saw such a declivity in a road. And now we are in the creek; from which I judge we have reached the bottom, and now I surmise that yon mass ahead is to be surmounted. Ah, 'tis well; we attack the mountain, not directly but in flank as it were. And how many miles, fair maiden, in this ascent?"

"Perhaps one, not more; and then we have reached our journey's end."

"Then, here is hoping that this one mile prove a long, long mile," ventured Danny as he turned his gaze toward her with his frank and friendly smile.

"Are not all miles of the same length, Mr. Lacey? And, if so, how may you hope that this mile prove a longer one?"

"Mathematicians, Miss Armstrong, and surveyors, and roadbuilders, and perhaps certain other classes may hold that there can be no such thing as long miles and short miles. Since I know better, these people impress me not at all. I have discovered for myself that there are wonderfully short miles. I like them very

much better. I hope to meet more of them. I should like to drive over no other kind — — —"

"Wo—o—oh," warned Willie Pat; and then, when Danny and the horse ceased from their respective activities, she laughed most musically. For now, on the right, was an opening in the leafage, into which led a faintly marked roadway. Into this Willie Pat had Danny turn. They went slowly because it was an unimproved way, seldom used, with roots and little gullies making the motion rough, and with twigs and branches slapping the buggy top and at times even the travellers. And now they pause at the watering trough, and, while the horse drinks gratefully of the cool shaded water, Danny inquires:

"Where on earth is the knob?"

"There it is beside you. We are right at its foot. We cannot see it for the woods."

"Sure enough? Are we so close as that?"

"Yes. Can't you trace a little path yonder? See? I think that is the way up. I climbed the knob once."

"I should like to do that," cried Danny eagerly. "Maybe I can do it while you rest with Aunt Mahala."

He reined up the horse and took his seat again, awaiting Willie Pat's reply; but she made none. For suddenly the woods opened; a large farm lay widespread before their view and on their right, at the further end of a wide short lane, or avenue, lined on either side with immense English elms, stood the hospitable-looking home of Aunt Mahala.

"While Willie Pat was receiving the warm greeting of her old friend, Danny hitched his horse at the rack. Then he stepped up on the porch and was welcomed by a cordial, self-possessed, matronly woman in a grey dress with white apron, a smiling woman with grey eyes and greying head, a woman whom even life in the backwoods had apparently taught many lessons, and who liked Danny at once,— liked his kind and pleasant smile and his kind and honest eyes. When Danny, at her invitation, took his horse around to the barn, since, as she explained, the men folk were all away, she withdrew with Willie Pat to her large, cool, shaded "parlor." Here they were still conversing when Danny, having returned from the barn, took a seat upon the edge of the porch floor. As he lit his pipe, he heard the murmur of Willie Pat's low voice, answered by Aunt Mahala's cordial assurance:

"Why, of course you can, child; of course it is all right."

In a moment, Danny heard swift, light footsteps behind him, and, turning, beheld Willie

Pat looking at him with a happy smile, as she gave him this command:

"Come on; we are going to climb the knob together."

* * * * *

Bohun's Knob is in shape something a hemisphere and a cone. Perhaps some would describe it as a sugar-loaf. Its situation is quite an unusual one. South of it and west of it, five or six miles away, may be seen countless other "knobs," standing in groups, or running in long chains. But Bohun's Knob, standing up alone, is taller than any in the near-by ranges, and this despite the fact that Bohun's base rests in a depression. Were it upon a plateau, it would be a mountain. Two other features of this great knob may be worth noting: it is clothed all over with forest, and in this forest there is no human habitation. All through the winter, the great, shaggy hill sleeps in silence; and rarely, in any season, does human foot climb its steep ascent. Indeed only one way is known by which it can be scaled. This is on the west side and by the faintly traced path pointed out a few moments ago by Willie Pat. Up this path she and Danny are now advancing together. Willie Pat leading the way and is proceeding rapidly. She knows that their progress farther on must be slow, and she wishes to be back in time for Aunt Mahala's dinner and before Aunt Mahala's prediction of rain is verified.

"I don't think it will rain," declared Danny; "there is not a cloud in the sky."

"Aunt Mahala knows," returned Willie Pat. "And don't you remember that woman at the village said she expects rain, too?"

"It can't rain without clouds," asserted Danny cheerfully.

The dim pathway was gradually growing steeper, but it was leading them out of the denser underbrush and the denser shade on the lower slopes of the knob; for now they could discover that they were following a sort of natural causeway, or ridge, between two ravines, the tree tops in which were already far below them; and, as they ascended, the thinning timber growth permitted them an occasional glimpse of the sky, in whose deep blue there now floated a few small, fleecy, white clouds.

When they arose after taking their first rest, Willie Pat said to Danny:

"You will have to take the lead now, and will have to help me once in a while."

"Yes, from here on it looks steeper. Well, give me your hand."

In this way they advanced. The ground here was not stony, and so they went ahead without great risk of stumbling or of serious hurt even

if they should fall. But the untrodden earth was light and the ascent was steep, and it was almost impossible to advance save by stepping sidewise. This Danny did, with one hand extended forward to balance himself by convenient root, or limb, or sapling, and with the other stretched backward clasping that of Willie Pat, and helping her onward at every upward pace. And now they rested a few moments before making the last and steepest ascent of all. Danny sat upon a jutting stone, while Willie Pat remained standing, and leaned her back against a tree while she looked up, and up, to the rest of the long climb. She had taken off her hat, and a few vagrant strands of her hair played loosely over her moist brow and her rosy cheek. Her grey eyes were bright with the pleasure and the excitement of the adventure. Her delicate, though lithe and symmetrical form, gracefully poised, and flecked over with the light and shadow of that romantic woodland setting, must charm any artist's eye. It must have charmed Danny's. As he looked, a shadow fell upon it, and Danny, casting his eyes upward, saw that a cloud had obscured the sun. Willie Pat saw it also, and prepared to proceed. And now, although the ascent was steeper and more sinuous, with treacherous bluffs and unexpected declivities to be avoided with care, it did not seem hard at all to Danny because all his thought was for assisting and caring for Willie Pat; and it did not seem hard to Willie Pat because she was filled with the joy of adventure and the sense of novelty and comradeship.

And indeed, Willie Pat's effort had been eased greatly by Danny's solicitous and skillful assistance. So, presently they feel the strain of the ascent easing down, for they are at length on the top with only a gentle easy slope before them leading to the very summit. Reaching this, they found that, owing to the sparseness of the timber-growth, they could see rather well in any direction, and especially well toward the south and east; and, moving on in this direction, they came to the edge of a precipitous declivity where immense masses of rock had fallen away and where no trees, therefore, obstructed the view. To fall from this precipice would have meant terrible and instant death. Here the two sat down to rest, for both were tired; and, after the first charmed exclamations from Willie Pat over the wonderful panorama, they soon fell silent, as well they might. For the scene that unrolled before them was one of grandeur and awe. Billowing woodlands rolled wildly below them and away as far as the eye could see, with only here and there glimpses of what must be open farmlands and

the doubtful glint of the little river. And beyond all, as a background for this picture, or as a fortress wall for the world, the beautiful blue front and restful skyline of Margaret's Ridge. Wild, wild indeed was the view, and compassing the landscape of entire counties. So rapt were they in their first wonder and awe and, later, in pointing out to each other some new beauty or some curious object in the varied scene below them, that neither had noticed the rapid gathering of heavy, black clouds behind them in the west until these had come overhead and obscured the sun at the moment the first peal of thunder reached their ears. And now the wind arose, and every glance around convinced them more surely that it would rain, and that very soon, and that of shelter there was no hope whatever.

"If we were foxes, we could keep dry," said Willie Pat whimsically, "for there is a fox's den below us there."

"Can we get to it?" inquired Danny with interest.

"Oh, I should be afraid," protested Willie Pat. "I had much rather get wet."

"Let us take a look at it anyhow," urged Danny.

So they walked a short way along the edge of the precipice, until by looking back they could see,—perhaps twenty feet below the summit,—a horizontal crevice, or cave, in the rock, which, Willie Pat said, was known as the Fox's Den.

"I should dislike to venture down to it even alone," admitted Danny, but in a moment he wished he could have swallowed his tongue before he spoke, for the ominous, swirling clouds were growing terribly black, the fierce lightning blinded them, and the thunder, crashing almost simultaneously, was doubly loud and terrifying in this lofty solitude, and, worst of all, the wind was rising to a tornado under which lithe young trees were beaten to the ground and old ones broken off or uprooted, so that terror stood in Willie Pat's eyes, terror which melted Danny's heart to pity and drove him to desperate action.

"Come quickly," he urged, taking her hand and leading her down through a cleft in the rock which led to a shelf on the cliff side, and in which they found some shelter from the resistless wind, now rushing with terrific velocity above their heads and carrying with it a rout of dust and leaves and twigs and entire branches. As yet the rain had not fallen; but come it must soon, and with it not only discomfort but a very real danger. The soil, mostly clay, on the shelf at the lower end of the cleft had been washed down from the summit in former rains, and, once the storm broke, it would be

perilous to move in that slippery footing. It shook Danny's nerves to think of what must inevitably happen if they should slip, and he determined that the danger must be avoided at once if ever. Speaking, therefore, quietly and in commendably casual tones, Danny instructed Willie Pat to remain seated perfectly still until he had explored a way to the fox's den. As he peered from the lower end of the cleft, he saw that the shelf at his feet was fully a yard wide and almost perfectly level, and that the fox's den opened out on this shelf not more than twenty yards away. On such a shelf, were it only a foot or two above the ground, anyone might run at speed with entire safety; but the awful abyss below it would make any human vision swim. So, facing the cliff wall and steadying himself with his hands, he moved slowly with the utmost care and without turning his head, and at length came safely to the den. The test made, he returned more quickly to the crevice, to be greeted with a welcoming smile from his forlorn companion, whom, without a word, he assisted promptly to her feet. Then, above the howling of the storm, and as the first raindrops fell, he bade her to take his hand and to follow carefully, to keep her eyes fixed upon the crevice wall only, and, once around the corner, fixed upon the face of the precipice, and by no means, even for a second, to glance out into the storm or down into the abyss below. And, going in this way, they reached the fox's den, and found a perfect shelter.

"How very unfortunate we are!" exclaimed Willie Pat as she looked out in awe upon the tempestuous dashing of the rain, the cloud-rending lightning and the tossing forests below; but her words were drowned in such a crash of thunder around them as seemed to rock the mountain. Blinded by the lightning flash the girl seized upon Danny convulsively, hiding her face upon his shoulder. When the paroxysm of fear passed and she ventured to raise her head, she still trembled so and her face was so deathly pale that Danny could but put his arm around her and comfort her as though she were a little child.

In time, the storm lifting, she freed herself, and Danny, making nothing of her fear nor of his ministration of comfort, calmly filled and lighted his pipe. But Willie Pat would be off, and would hardly be restrained until the last shower had passed. And in this she was wise enough, for, rain or shine, the dripping trees and bushes and the wet grass would drench them soundly enough on their descent. And this indeed was what happened them, although

they were none the worse for it after Aunt Mahala's kind and practical ministrations.

The drove home through

"....one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves";

and when, at the porch of her home, Danny lifted his companion from the buggy, he could find no single word to say as, after but a momentary hesitation, she passed quickly into the house.

(To be continued)

English Catholic Pilgrimage to Palestine

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE visit to the Holy Land of 260 Catholic pilgrims from England under the leadership of Cardinal Bourne, and including, besides, the Bishops of Galloway, Brentwood, and Lamus (Middlesborough), forty priests, was an event of great significance in Palestine. It was primarily an ordinary Catholic pilgrimage to the holy places, as Cardinal Bourne pointed out in his address in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but the interest shown by the inhabitants of the different towns, by the civil authorities, and by the representatives of the different religious bodies, made it a memorable fact. It certainly succeeded in showing to native Catholics and non-Catholics that Great Britain is not a purely Protestant power; and it brought home to them the impression that a British Cardinal, who was so highly honored by the heads of the Government, was a person of importance, who would not fail to stand up in England for the safeguarding of Catholic rights in Palestine.

The pilgrims arrived in Jerusalem by special train after eight o'clock in the morning. They were received at the Jaffa Gate by the Governor of Jerusalem and other leading local officials, also by the Catholic Consuls. Whilst the Cardinal was the guest of the Latin Patriarch, (like Cardinal O'Connell,) the other pilgrims were housed in the Hospice of the Franciscans. At two p. m. a procession was arranged outside the Patriarchate. The first part was formed by the clergy of the numerous Orders and Institutes, concluding with the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, the Bishops, and the Cardinal, the latter being accompanied on the right by the Patriarch, on the left by the French Consul. A number of policemen and of boy scouts from Ramallah formed his guard of

honour. He was followed by the pilgrims, whilst a large crowd lined the route to the Holy Sepulchre, to which the procession wended its way. At the stone of Unction they were addressed in Italian by the Custos of the Franciscans, and in English by Father Godfrey Hunt, O. F. M. They then proceeded to the Holy Sepulchre, opposite which a throne had been erected. The Cardinal took his seat under the baldachino, whereupon the Patriarch, standing on his right, addressed him and the pilgrims in English giving vent to his joy at their coming, welcoming them most heartily, and expressing his hope that their stay would be beneficial to their own souls and to those of others.

With regard to the latter clause, it is a fact that the devout, recollected, and earnest behaviour of the pilgrims made a deep impression on the inhabitants of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. The pilgrims visited the different shrines in groups, and the priests made it a point to say Mass in the different sanctuaries. There was a Pontifical Mass for the pilgrims in the Holy Sepulchre, and Communion Masses for the pilgrims at the various shrines. His Eminence took part in the centenary of Saint Thomas Aquinas by pontificating on his feast in the Church of Saint Stephen, the Church of the French Dominicans, adjoining their famous institute for Biblical studies. Like the other Bishops he also celebrated Holy Mass in the Benedictine Church of our Lady's Dormitio, which is the nearest church to the now profaned Last Supper Room and occupies part of the site of the old Coenaculum Church. Accompanied by the Patriarch and the Bishops, he also, (like Cardinal O'Connell,) honoured by a visit the Diocesan Seminary of Beitgiala near Bethlehem, where he took dinner with the Benedictine professors and the thirty-five students.

He was invited to dinner by the High Commissioner Sir Herbert Samuel, and the Governor of Jerusalem, Sir Ronald Storrs, also by the Governor of Nazareth, whilst he met the Governor of Haifa at a tea, arranged by Father Lamb for all the pilgrims on Mount Carmel, and he saw the Governor of Nablus (Samaria) at a lunch given to the Bishops by the Catholic commander of the police. On the occasion of a visit to the Temple area he paid a visit to the Mufti, the religious head of the Moslems in Palestine, and was received with every mark of respect. The reception which the Patriarch had arranged for His Eminence in his Throne Room on the afternoon of his arrival was thronged with Government officials, Catholic Priests and Religious of different

rites, as well as with representatives of the non-Catholic bodies.

During their stay in Jerusalem the pilgrims made excursions to Ain Karem, the birthplace of Saint John the Baptist, to Jericho, and to Bethlehem.

The distance from Jerusalem to Nazareth was covered by motors, and thus the pilgrims received some idea of the mountains of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee and the large plain of Esdraelon or Jezrahel. On the way they paid a visit to Jacob's well near Nablus; but the intended visit to Mount Tabor with its new Church, built by American money, had to be abandoned owing to the unfinished state of the road, and the lack of time for a pedestrian climb. One half day was devoted to a visit of Mount Carmel, another to see the Lake of Galilee, the ruins of Capharnaum and the Church standing over the place of our Lord's first miracle in Cana. His Eminence and the Bishops received an enthusiastic and really indigenous welcome from the little Catholic congregation of Rene near Nazareth; and they had an opportunity of seeing the Lake of Galilee at leisure, being entertained to luncheon at Tabgha on their way to Capharnaum by the Lazarist Father Tepper, the principal of the Catholic German Hospice. The pilgrims left Palestine by special train from Afule, the nearest railway station to Nazareth, for Damascus and Beirut.

There was one visit on the programme to a place which is not a sacred shrine, but is of great importance for Catholic Palestine, viz., to the English Catholic Girls' School at Bethlehem, initiated by the Catholic Women's League of England at the request of Cardinal Bourne and the Latin Patriarch. At present there is a great demand here for learning English. The existing Catholic Girls' Schools are not equipped for the task, their teaching language being French or Italian. It is also necessary to raise the economic and moral standard of the people by training them to work, instead of making them dependent all their lives on foreign doles. Now the American Protestants are doing both kinds of educational work, and there is great danger for the ill instructed natives of suffering the loss of their faith if they fall into Protestant hands. This school teaches girls from twelve upwards, Religion, English, needlework, spinning, dyeing, and weaving, with a view of promoting thus native domestic industries. If the institute succeeds, it is intended to start other centres. For this end it will be necessary to secure more capital than the small English society can provide, also or
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The Battle of the Brooms

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"**P**HIL, you ought to remain over for our Corpus Christi celebration," urged Harry Fair when Philip Fern spoke of concluding his visit. "The procession will be a wonderful sight."

"But you know I am not a Catholic and it wouldn't mean much to me."

"That's just one more reason why you should stay. You have probably never before seen such a demonstration of religion as this will be."

"I know you Catholics are great for show, yet somehow or other it has always appealed to me."

"Bravo! I see you are game. I know you will be delighted with it all."

Philip remained for the occasion. He was deeply impressed by all that took place. First of all, the preparations made on the previous day convinced him how serious Catholics are in the matter of their faith in the Eucharist. There were garlands and streamers and other decorations in, and outside, the church. The altars bore the choicest combinations of the designs of the parish florists. The banners of the various societies were already unfurled for the next day's display in honor of the Eucharistic Lord. On the feast itself Philip found all so impressive and solemn. There was the altar now also bestudded with lights like so many twinkling stars; there was the priest surrounded by a corps of altar boys, all neat in appearance, and regular and uniform in their action, whilst all were enveloped by a cloud of smoke rising continually from the fragrant incense of the two censers; there was the silent reverent pose of the worshippers, whose very attitude compelled to imitation; there was the sweet strain of the "Pange Lingua" sung in the simple yet majestic Gregorian chant. In the center of the procession was the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament shielded by a rich silk baldachin. Song, prayer, a well blended chorus, the tinkling and ringing of bells filled the air with music, melody, and harmony.

Philip Fern was lost in a reverie of deep emotion. "Can this be merely sham as I have so often heard? Impossible! But I am going to make sure." Such were his musings.

When the impressive ceremony was over, he began a regular bombardment of questions. Harry, to be sure, was the victim. But, after parrying the attack for a while, he decided to

seek refuge behind someone else and this was none other than Father Gilbert.

Philip was introduced as one who had more questions to ask than could be answered in a day. "Very well," replied the pastor, smiling, "if one day will not suffice, we shall take two."

"Father, it is not quite so bad as all that," apologized Philip. "Here is my first difficulty. We Protestants call the Eucharist the Last Supper and for that reason we look upon it as something only to be received. But from your celebration today I see that you carry it around in parade."

"Your term 'parade' gives me the clue for an answer. We draw up parades, that is, we form processions and march together in a body, as is done in many places on Decoration Day, to give expression to a union of sentiments and interests. The practice is an outcome of human nature and is as old as the world. We find parades in vogue among the ancient Greeks and Romans in the form of triumphant marches and of processions of atonement and of supplication. The Hebrews, too, had them. Hence also in Christian liturgy there were the so-called 'litanies,' which possessed the character of our processions that take place on St. Mark's day or on the rogation days. For on those occasions we chant the litany of All Saints."

"But, Father, do you mean to say that the early Christians also had Eucharistic processions?"

"Well, it seems no trace of them can be found before the 13th century. From that period on we find the processions in honor of the Holy Eucharist on Easter Sunday in connection with the ceremonies at the Holy Sepulchre. After the institution by Urban IV, in 1264, of the feast of Corpus Christi, which we celebrate today, this procession came into use. Many authors think that the pope ordered the procession together with the institution of the feast."

"Father, you haven't yet given me the real reason for the Eucharistic procession."

"Well, evidently the first reason was the desire to increase our faith in the presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. And that is what you witnessed today. I shall let Father Faber explain this further to you. In his beautiful book, 'Blessed Sacrament,' he says: 'Procession is the highest, culminating point of ecclesiastical worship and Catholic ceremony. In it is expressed the notion of triumph. Our sac-

ramental God proceeds around the church with all the pomp the poverty of human love can shed around Him as the conqueror of the human race. It is then that we feel so keenly that He is our own and the angels can claim less in Him than we. Procession is the function of faith which burns in our hearts and beams in our faces and makes our voices tremulous with emotion as the hymn "Lauda Sion" bids defiance to an unbelieving world. It is the function of hope, for we bear with us our heaven, which is on earth already, our reward, who has put Himself into our hands as it were in pledge, and so we make the powers of hell tremble while we tell Him by shout and song how sure we are of heaven and the adorable Sacrament meanwhile flashing radiance unbearable into the terrified intelligences of our unseen foes. It is the function of love, for it is the timid, happy, heartfelt venturesome use of our right to be familiar with Him. The procession is moreover a pathetic representation to Him of all life, private, social, political and ecclesiastical; for what are all lives of men and families and states and churches but processions of exiles, pining, toiling, travelling home to Him, but also in His company."

"Father, there are quite naturally a number of points touched upon here that are hazy to me. The mention of triumph in this connection still puzzles me considerably."

"Perhaps Father Faber can best explain also this point more clearly to you. In his own inimitable way he writes: 'Corpus Christi is essentially a day of triumph, a day of triumph rather even than of joy, a day of power, of fearlessness, of public profession of faith, of the heavenly insult of truth over (i. e., heavenly assault of truth upon) doubt, heresy, falsehood, sacrilege, and blasphemy.... The Church mili-

tant is blended for a moment with the Church triumphant and forgets her exile, her militant condition, and the worship of the Holy Trinity, which is a sort of outpost of heaven, finds adequate expression in the joyous adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It is a day when we cannot be still and hence a day of processions. It is a feast of shout and song one while against the earth, as if the wall of the great city of the world were miraculously falling down before our faith while we encompass it, marching angels and men to the martial strains of our "Lauda Sion"; another while in praise of the Church while the whole world resounds with acclamation of the redeemed bearing their Redeemer round the ramparts of His own impregnable Sion.'"

"Yes, Father, I wish I too had that victorious faith of which this Father Faber speaks. I envied these good people of this place already when I saw them make preparations for the feast."

"Why, your remark reminds me of a Corpus Christi triumph of which I read recently. The victory was scored only after a persistent determination to prepare properly for the feast."

"Don't keep me in suspense, Father."

"The anecdote dates back to Napoleon's time. One of his former generals retained as a souvenir of earlier days a deep hatred of religion and its ministers. He was elected mayor of his town and the office gave him ample opportunity of annoying the poor curé with all sorts of petty restrictions under the pretext of zeal for reform.

"The general's wife, however, was a woman of deep piety and, as her husband left her free to carry out her kind and charitable impulses, she did her best to make amends for his continual persecution.

"An unexpected event brought matters to a climax. On the eve of Corpus Christi a severe storm had wrought havoc in the village and torrents of rain had made the market place, where the repository was to be erected, muddy and impassable to the procession. To a man the peasants turned out at the request of the village curé and worked with great zeal to clean away the debris. It was soon in order except that the space fronting the residence of the formidable general remained untouched. No one had the courage to work there and face the enemy. Not even the love of God, urged by the good curé, could prevail upon his forces. Nothing was left to him but to besiege the chateau and call upon its commander.

"The priest was met at the door by the general himself: 'Good evening, sir! I suppose you have come to solicit. I can be of no use to



CLERGY IN THE PROCESSION

you. You will kindly permit me to withdraw.'

"'You judge too hastily, General,' replied the patient priest. 'I know well the charity of your good wife, but it is yourself I have come to consult.'

"'I beg your pardon, I will listen, but be brief.'

"'I will gladly be brief, for time is precious. Tomorrow we celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi and from time immemorial it has been customary for the procession to pass before your door and for a repository to be erected there. The route is very muddy since the storm and I would beg permission to have it swept and put in order.'

"The general's color rose. 'Sir, the feast you speak of is not mentioned in the decree of September 28th, 1791, treating of rural usages. I will not allow this road to be swept and I, being master of my own premises, have a right to forbid trespassing.'

All the protests of his gentle wife were to no avail. The general merely emphasized his rights anew and threatened anyone with a closer acquaintance with his horsewhip in the event of trespassing.

The curé departed and the general rang the bell: 'Nicolas, Peter, François.'

"Three servants instantly made their appearance and advanced to receive his orders. They made their salute and stood erect, silent, immovable, eyes fixed at ten paces ahead of them, their arms straight at their side.

"'You know, don't you, that I have a strong fist?'

"'Yes sir,' the lackeys responded with one accord.

"'Good, if any one should ask or command you to sweep the crossing before my house, be it who it may, and any one of you obey, I promise to flog him within an inch of his life. You may go.'

"The three again saluted, pivoted on their heels, faced to the right-about and left the room.

"The general was so cross all evening that everyone went to bed early. Even he himself did the same and contrary to his custom left the evening paper unread. The house was soon quiet and all slept the sleep of the just except the master who, twist and turn as he might on his pillows, could not close an eye.

"Suddenly in the stillness he heard a peculiar noise: 'Swish, swish, swish — — —'

"'What is that, Someone is sweeping contrary to my orders. I will make short work of him.' And he began dressing hastily. It is one of my servants who has been hired to do it secretly. Never mind, sir curé. You are at

your tricks. We will dislodge the enemy by a bombshell.'

"In morning gown and slippers, he descended the stairs. Plainer and plainer became the sound of 'swish, siwsh, swish — — —' Opening the door suddenly, the general, horsewhip in hand, came face to face with the curé and his broom.

"'What, sir,' said he, 'is it you yourself at this hour sweeping before my door?'

"'Myself, General. You threatened such dire punishment to anyone who should undertake this work that I dared not send anyone else. But it is all the same. I am ready to suffer the consequences of this pious duty. Pick up your whip and strike. I am ready, only too happy to suffer for my Lord a little of what He suffered for love of me.'

"The general hemmed and hawed. 'Is that the way you take it? Good, we will try something else.'

"Dashing into the courtyard, 'Nicholas, Peter, François!' he shouted with his tremendous voice. 'Wake up, you sleepy heads, bring me a broom.'

"They came half dressed tumbling over one another, not knowing what could have happened.

"'Bring me a broom!'

"'A broom?' cried Peter stupefied.

"'Certainly, a broom. I have been calling for one this half hour.'

"The broom was brought and the general, snatching it from his servant's hand, began to sweep the crossing.

"'But, General,' interposed the curé, 'don't fatigue yourself, I pray. You are not used to such work.'

"'Not at all. You take one side, I will take the other. We shall see who will win. It is the battle of the brooms.'

"Within a few moments the general was forced to surrender. The perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead and he panted like a race horse. He gave his broom to his servants and bade them do their best. Turning to the curé, he bowed respectfully. 'And you, Monsieur, go home and rest. All shall be in order. In the morning I will give you a proof that you have preached the best sermon of your life to-night.'

"The next morning at daybreak the general was in command of his domestic army. 'Hurry up,' he said, 'we have work to do and the angelus is already ringing.'

"In a quarter of an hour the entrance to the castle was a great mass of flowers of many brilliant hues, and, before it, was erected the most beautiful repository ever seen in the memory

of the oldest inhabitants of the place.

"The good wife of the general, looking from her window, rubbed her eyes. Was this a dream? She could not believe her senses. But what was her astonishment when the general announced that he would accompany her to Mass and walk in the procession. She could not but doubt his word. He was in earnest, however, and kept his promise. The curé in truth had won the day."

"Father," said Philip, "I shall return next year and bring my broom along."

"Not only your broom, I hope, but also your heart as a holocaust for the Savior's Eucharistic triumph."

St. Juliana Falconieri

A. C. McK.

THE pious and illustrious parents of Juliana seemed to have lost all hope of an heir when they were blessed with the birth of our Saint.

They devoted themselves afterward to works of piety and mercy in gratitude for the goodness of God in answering their prayers, and giving to them a daughter, whose life of sanctity was not only a blessing, but a great honor to this noble family. In her childhood, the use of reason was developed early as well as her piety. Jesus and Mary were the words she first learned to pronounce. Under the care of her uncle, the Blessed Alexius, one of the founders of the Order of Servites, she grew up more like an angel than a human being. Her perfect modesty was known to all, and her aversion to sin was such that the mere mention of it caused her to shudder and tremble. It is related that when she had unavoidably listened to a scandal she fainted.

St. Juliana's vocation seems to have been the result of her devotion to the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. By meditation on this sublime subject, so fruitful in the growth of love for Jesus and Mary, she was drawn to the Servants of Mary and was chosen by St. Philip Benite to be the first member and foundress of the Third Order of Servites. They were to serve the sick and to do other works of mercy in keeping with their state in life. In the beginning they were not strictly a cloistered order. The sanctity of her life attracted many novices, and she was given the task of writing a rule for their direction. She looked upon the members of this little community as her children, and as a mother was more a servant than a superior. Outside the convent she led a life of apostolic charity, converting sinners, reconciling ene-

mies, and ministering to the sick. Her services were personal and often heroic. While kind and gentle to all, she was most strict towards herself, and practiced acts of severe and austere penance and mortification.

Her great love for our Divine Saviour caused her to spend the time not devoted to His service in the ways mentioned above in prayer and in meditation before the Blessed Sacrament, and her only complaint when wasting away in her last illness from a disease of the stomach, which prevented her from taking food, was the privation of Holy Communion. She was often wrapt in an ecstasy for days at a time. Jesus Himself appeared to her as a beautiful child, and placed upon her head a garland of flowers, and she was visited in her last hours by angels in the form of white doves.

When in her seventieth year, she was at the point of death, she begged to be allowed to behold and adore the Blessed Sacrament. It was brought to her cell and reverently laid on a corporal over her heart. At this moment the Sacred Host disappeared. After her death the form of the Host was found stamped upon her heart in the exact spot over which the Blessed Sacrament had been placed. By this and many other miracles did our Lord give testimony of the sanctity of His servant.

St. Juliana Falconieri died in the year 1340. Her festival is on the 19th of June. She was honored as a saint immediately after her death and was canonized in the year 1737.

The Collect prayer of the Mass in her honor reads: "Oh God, who didst vouchsafe in a wonderful manner to sustain Thy blessed Virgin Juliana in her last illness by the Precious Body of Thy Son, grant, we beseech Thee, that by her prayerful merits we may also be refreshed and strengthened in our death's agony and arrive at our heavenly country."

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the altar.

Mother of God

S. M. T., O. S. B.

God, in the eternal years,
When dried are earth's hot tears,
My soul Thy music hears,
Let me,
I beg of Thee,
Praise Thee eternally,
For crown and glories given
To Her who reigns in heaven—

MOTHER OF GOD.

The Call of the Grail

CLARE HAMPTON

EVERYBODY thought Mary Merkels did well when she married Maurice Dalton—so did Mary herself. He was a tall, good-looking chap, fresh from overseas, with ruddy cheeks, black, wavy hair that was swept dashingly back from a high, polished forehead, and an air of unconscious dignity and swagger that quite captivated every maiden that made his acquaintance. Besides that, he was a Catholic, his father was well-to-do, and he had the reputation of being a straightforward, serious-minded young man.

But alas, for the secret, unexplored caverns that must be traversed, the shocks, the disillusionments that are encountered during that awful first year! It is the acid test of true love—love tempered by religion.

So with Mary. Sweet, dainty, good and devout as any girl could possibly be, she soon found herself amazed here, and shocked there, by odd twists and turns in her husband's character, as stubborn as they were real, as unchangeable as they were surprising. And she must travel the labyrinth alone; no one could accompany her to advise her in her little dilemmas—no one must even know that they existed! She must be loyal! No one must know of his defections, however much they shocked her own pious sensibilities.

There was the first Sunday after the wedding. Mary rose for the seven o'clock Mass, intending to go to Holy Communion, but Maurice was tired and wanted to sleep, nor did he relish the idea of Mary's going out and leaving him alone. Why couldn't they stay home and rest, and go to the eleven o'clock? That Mass was so comfortable! Why must Mary be so tiresome? Communion—pshaw! Hadn't they received on their wedding day, just three days before? What was the use of being so assiduous?

But Mary, after a little struggle, succeeded in getting away, deeply disappointed in her idol, to receive her Lord alone. She would not have been happy without Him, for she had never missed a Sunday since her First Communion.

When she returned, Maurice was standing before the dresser, adjusting his collar and tie, and preparing to go out. Evidently he was not tired any more.

'Going to the 8:30?' asked Mary. No answer. He would punish her. If she cared so little for his company, very well; he could dispense with hers.

'Maury!' cried Mary, worried. 'What's the matter? Affectionately she placed her hands on his arm, and looked anxiously into his face. Still no answer. Maurice put on his coat and hat and went out, without even saying good-bye! 'The sword entered Mary's heart.' What had she done to merit such treatment? Been faithful to God; that was all. And for that she was being punished. Things went black before Mary's eyes for a moment, as she realized it was just another dark cavern of disillusionment she had unwillingly wandered into. God—and her love. She must choose between them; which was it to be? Please God, or please her husband?

Passing her hand over her forehead, she knew the answer, and went unhappily about her household duties, not one jot or tittle of which would she allow herself to omit, though her heart seemed to weigh a ton. However, as the hands of the clock began to move toward 9:30, when she knew Mass would be over, her sorrow lightened a little; soon he would come back, and then—surely they would kiss and make up again, and all would be well.

But Maurice did not *come* back. Instead, he went over to his mother's for dinner, while at his own home, Mary's nice roast chicken, steamed dumplings, and carefully prepared vegetables were spoiling and drying out. For Maurice was just a spoiled mother's darling, who felt that his wife must be trained to jump at his beck and call, just as his mother had done before his marriage.

With a great lump at her throat, Mary sat and waited. She ate nothing herself, for sorrow sits heavily upon the stomach, and wants no companion. At one o'clock, unable to bear her misery longer, she threw herself over the bed, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

There was a slight sound just outside the door, but Mary in her grief did not hear. It seemed she had been lying there for hours, though in reality, it was only minutes. Then Maurice entered—and it came to him all in a rush what a tremendous brute he was. The next moment he had her in his arms, was wiping away her tears, and promising never to do it again. The reconciliation was complete—the river ran smoothly again—for a time.

The next Saturday Mary wanted Maurice to go with her to confession.

'What, again? Say, you're not trying to make a saint of me, are you?' he said. 'No;

just run along yourself if you must, though I can't see what you have to confess in a week. For my part, once in two months is sufficient. By that time I might have something worth telling.'

'Maury! There are always little points on which to correct oneself.'

'Venial sins, eh? Well, we're not obliged to confess them.'

'Then, you believe in waiting until you have committed something worse?' Maurice looked at her a little oddly.

'That's my business, little woman. Just you run along and don't trouble about my sins. I'll attend to them.'

It hurt. Miserably. She had expected so much of him, and he was giving so little! Above all, she had dreamed in secret of being one with him in all the sweet practices of her religion. How wonderful to kneel beside him she loved so dearly, and see her Sovereign Lord entering his heart as well as her own every Sunday! She had wanted to see him at the Holy Table, to revel in his piety; she wanted her love of him to be inextricably bound up with love for her Eucharistic Lord—oh, she wanted them to be together, those two precious ones—him she loved, and Him she adored, that she might bow down in exultant joy and say,

'Praised be Thou, oh Jesus, in the heart of my husband!'

But alas, for her dreams! They all faded away, and in dumb grief she must needs bow down and adore her Lord alone! Oh how she prayed! How she begged Jesus to draw him! But ah, the way was long and hard, and how many thousands of prayers were yet needed!

The next Sunday was the same; Maurice had no aversion to rising early, and though he no longer objected to Mary's going, she felt very lonely and downhearted at his behavior. The least consolation she had, was the knowledge that he never missed Mass for any reason whatsoever. That was something, anyway; but to her fervent soul, it was not enough. By and by she conceived the idea of going daily to Communion, hoping to deaden her disappointment by burying herself still deeper in the Eucharist. This interfered but little with Maurice, since he did not rise until she returned, but he was displeased nevertheless.

'You're getting to be a regular little church runner,' he told her one morning when he was a trifle cross. 'I don't believe you love me at all.'

'Why,' asked Mary, astonished, 'what has church-going to do with loving?'

'Well, it seems you would rather be in church at any or all times, than remain with me.'

'Maury!' cried his wife reproachfully. 'Are

you jealous of God?' Maurice winced a little, but quickly recovered himself.

'Not at all! But I don't want my wife to be a church-runner, and then develop a lot of glaring faults like some women I know of.'

Mary was silent; she was getting used to these thrusts, though they did not hurt any the less for that. But she was more assiduous than ever in her attendance at Mass and Communion. She felt that she needed her Lord's help sorely, for Maurice was becoming increasingly harder to live with, as the 'honeymoon bloom' gradually wore off, and whims and faults that were carefully concealed before, now began boldly stalking out before her vision.

So she went along, learning the hard lessons of life with another, as many another bride has, before and since, for there are none so perfect in their love, but they have their crosses and Calvaries.

One evening Mary awaited her husband with glistening eyes and an ecstatic song in her heart. All day her head was up among the clouds, while her feet scarcely seemed to touch earth. Over and over again a wondrous chord had been sounding through the halls of her being, a harmony as grand as Creation, which filled with melody the newly-awakened mother-soul within her. She could hardly wait until Maurice arrived.

But if she expected an outburst of joy, she was doomed to disappointment, for Maurice stopped short in his tracks, clicked his tongue in annoyance and glared at her, as if she had committed some wrong. The smile faded from Mary's lips, and once more her idol fell from its pedestal, but she drew herself up with queenly dignity, and stood, like a tall white lily, with a silent look of reproach in her eyes. It was too much for Maurice; he dropped his eyes and walked away. It was as if he had looked into the eyes of God. Throwing himself on the davenport, he sat and gloomed before the fireplace. Again it was the spoiled mother's pet asserting himself. In his selfish soul, he was thinking of the change that would come over the household, wherein he would be thrust into the background, as it were, and no longer be supreme. He hated to think of anyone coming between Mary and himself, for he wanted all of her attention—in plain words, he was jealous! Mary sensed his unworthy attitude, and suffered. How many times she had suffered since the day the veil and orange blossoms had reposed upon her head! As yet it was hard to overlook, and forget, and reinstate the idol; but after the suffering had passed, she found that love still remained—ever the same, unchange-

able, crying out still for its beloved, regardless of faults, wrongs, unkindness.

And so she went serenely on her way, her heart absorbed in the new and wondrous thing that was to come, and she thought of Mary, and wondered if that fair Mother had the same ecstatic thoughts of anticipation. Meanwhile, time had gone on, and the Feast of Corpus Christi arrived. It was celebrated with peculiar magnificence in the parish to which Mary and Maurice belonged. There was a procession along several blocks, and festive altars in a number of front gardens. Priests, nuns, and crowds of people swelled the parade, while homes on the line of march displayed sacred statues, lighted candles, and flowers in their front windows. One hundred little girls, dressed in white, scattered flowers before the King, while an equal number of little boys rang tiny silver bells. Eight censer bearers walked backwards before the monstrance, while the parish band at the head, played the 'Pange Lingua' with slow, majestic measure, and every one, young and old, swelled the grand chorus. Protestants from blocks around came to witness the spectacle, while parishes from all over the city contributed their quota to the procession.

Mary, having gone every year, longed to go again; the time of her fulfillment was nearly due, and every step was an effort. But what was such a small thing, compared to the glory to be rendered her sovereign Lord and King? When the first bell began to ring, announcing the solemn High Mass, she 'felt her heart burn mightily within her,' and wild horses could not have detained her. She concealed her discomfort, and begged Maurice to come with her, but he refused. What if some of the fellows saw him marching in a religious procession? was the secret thought that brewed at the back of his head. Besides, he was sullen because he had insisted upon Mary's remaining out of it, and she, in her great fervor and faith, insisted she was able to go.

So Mary went alone. The first faint sound of the little silver bells in the distance brought a surge of tears to her eyes; the sweet sound grew louder and louder, as the boys, in their white waists, black velvet trousers and red sashes, drew near; when they reached the doors of the church, all the six bells in the tower gave joyous tongue, and the band outside played the 'Ecce Panis,' until the priest, under the canopy reached the outer steps. Then there was a moment's silence, until he intoned the solemn hymn of procession, which the band took up, joined by a thousand voices.

Then Mary sang—sang as if her full heart

would burst; sorrow and love and joy and pain were all mingled in that song, and when at last the long ceremony was done, and she had gazed her fill at the little white Host in the center of all its splendor and magnificence, and begged, and begged—and begged, for her husband; that he might be truly one with her; that they might seek the Perfect Life together; that God would fire up his lukewarmness; that some day they might both be God's saints together in Heaven—she plodded her weary way home. Her feet all but refused to carry her, and her husband, moved for once out of his colossal selfishness, hastened out to help her up the steps. Fear struck his heart as he saw how white her face had become, and as she lay back in an easy chair and complained of a pain in her side, he was half beside himself with fright.

Then followed a day of chastening, during which his proud, selfish soul was humbled to the dust; a dozen times he closed himself in a room, fell on his knees, and begged, implored, agonized to God to deliver his wife from her suffering, but alas! The tender white lily lay racked, and must needs drain the cup to the bitter, bitter dregs! His own mother was by, and comforted him with 'It's all right; don't worry.' But, oh God! had his own advent caused her a like ordeal? Then all the thoughtless words, the unkindnesses, the unsparing heedlessness of him toppled down upon his head like a very tower of ignominy, and showed him what he was.

Evening came, and silence. Apprehensively he sat outside her door and waited, his face drawn and haggard. At last it opened, and the nurse with something done up in a pink bundle, came out, and with eyes soft and moist, placed it in his arms. One moment he gazed, then buried his face in the soft warmth of the miracle—for such indeed it seemed to him. When he raised his face, it was wet with tears, and he had no thought except of his own great unworthiness.

A few moments later, with transfigured face, he softly entered his wife's room—and stopped. How ethereal she looked! Upon her face was stamped the seal of pain, and he thought it resembled that of our Blessed Mother in church. Humbly he knelt, scarcely daring to raise his eyes, and kissed her white fingers.

'Angel of God!' he breathed, thinking of her daily trystings with Christ, and his own intimate knowledge of her forbearance and devotion.

Mary never wanted for an escort to the Table of the Lord again.

Love shows itself in works.—St. Ignatius.

Quod Ore Sumpsimus

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Each morn I dare my God to slay,
Bury Him in my heart away;
Each morning is Good Friday's Day,
But bright with the glory of an Easter ray!

Introibo ad Altare Dei

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

I go unto the altar—yea, to be
Minister and King of God's wide empery,
Where Faith bows down before Love's mystery,
And Hope is wrapt in utter ecstasy.

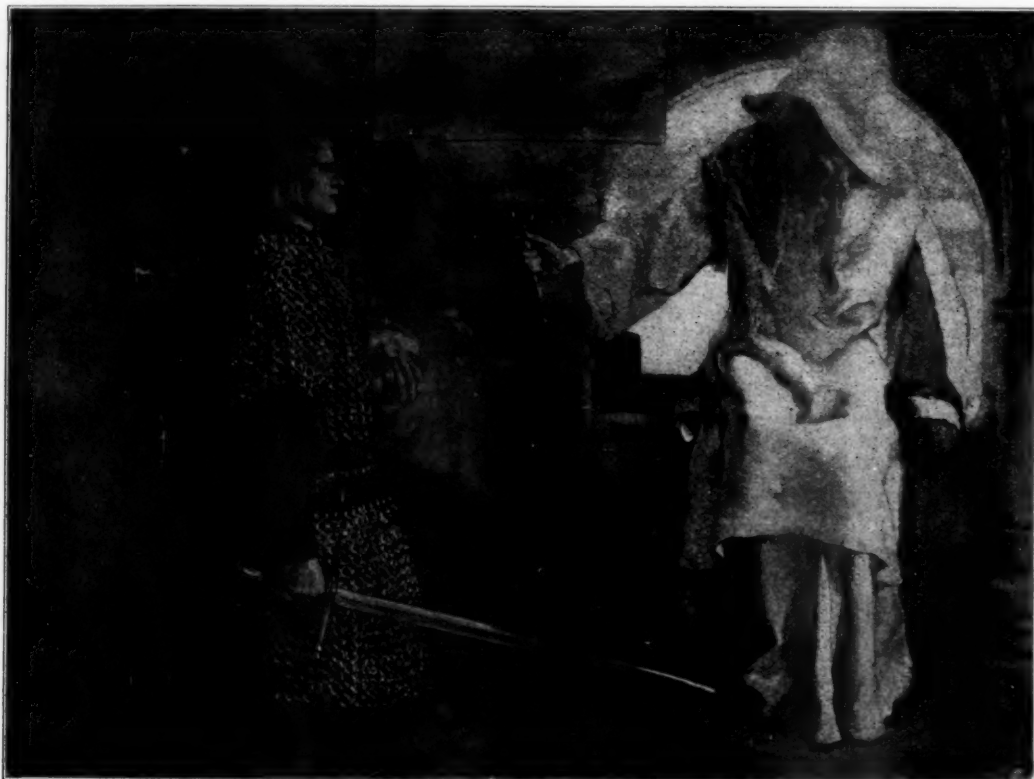
The Holy Grail

The eighth panel of the series of the Holy Grail frieze decorations, painted by Edwin A. Abbey in the Boston Public Library, portrays the keeper of the inner gate as presenting to Galahad the key to the castle.

Galahad defeats the seven knights and they turn and flee. The evil knights are not slain. They flee to other parts. Sin has no further menace for the pure soul, but its embodiments survive to harass the world. The hero penetrates to the inner gate and is greeted by the keeper, an aged man in religious garb. The

natural keeper of the human body is world-old Righteousness, who guards the inner gate; the Sins stand without.

The soul of intrepid virtue has learned to the depths the nature of evil, and has kept himself pure the mean while. With uncovered head, helmet held in his left hand, and bared sword in his right, Galahad pays reverent homage to the holy man who greets him, and says, "Sir, have here the keys to this castle!" With these the young knight opens the gates and passes within.



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THE KEY TO THE CASTLE

Kelly

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

THE trail through the Sangre de Cristo Mountains is—nobody knows how old. Hard, white, ribbonlike it hugs the hills, higher and higher to a level stretch of many miles, a veritable fairy land, the Johnson Mesa; with lush grass ankle deep, herds of sleek cattle, ranch houses, corrals and large barns. Far to the north lie the purple-topped Spanish Peaks; above is the deep blue of the New Mexican sky, and peace, motherlike in tenderness, broods over all.

The sun was yet low in the East; the dew-chill lingered in the mountain air. Wondrous colors spread in rapid succession over the mountain tops—now purple, crimson, gold. Sam Dean, sitting on his porch, watched the marvel of the newborn day. He was a raw-boned man, tall, hale, hearty. Seventy winters had he seen; owner of broad pastures, fat herds, and a large adobe house, the walls of which were two feet thick. In early days this had been a mission. The bell, wrought of steel, and said to be the sweetest sounding bell in the county, was in good repair, in its stone turret.

Sam saw a cloud of dust coming up the trail toward him. It resolved itself into a horse and rider. On they came, through the bars, to the porch, and as Sam saluted, the rider fell from the saddle.

Sam brought him into the house, laid him up on the snow white bed, called Dolores and Pablo, his retainers, to minister to the stranger while he stabled the horse.

All that day the Mexican woman cared for the sick man. Sam Dean was in the saddle. At nightfall the young man was delirious. Sam sat on the porch and smoked. The West was an afterglow of glory. The mountains loomed darkly against the horizon's deepening edge. The pines, tall and slender, stood guard. Dolores glided out of the sick room and spoke: "Maestro, el hombre es muy enfermo."

"The man is very sick," he repeated after her. "Better get a doctor and a nurse."

Pablo hitched up and went for Mrs. Kilmurray, who had spent most of her waking hours since she came to the Mesa in burying, assisting folks to die or to be born, and nursing the sick.

For many days thereafter it was the subject of much speculation at Belle Post Office: A stranger, riding a good horse, carrying plenty of money in his belt, and coming from—nobody knew where.

None were allowed in the sick chamber although the younger element found all manner of excuses to stop at Deans. All might have ended happily had not Mrs. Kilmurray turned her ankle. The doctor sent her home and Mrs. Honeysett assumed the care of the man.

Mrs. Honeysett was a lenient soul, and when the girls of the Mesa asked her if they might see the sick man, she assured them they might. Accordingly they came: Cora Anderson, Edna Honeysett, Tessie Brown and Samantha English. They walked the two miles from Belle and were amply repaid. The young man mowed two lawns, ate three chickens, built a house, killed two lizards, sold a horse, impersonated John McCormack, and enjoyed a swim while they stared at him. His adventures were all nicely crammed. There were no distances between them.

Sunday Father Kearney came up to say Mass and they told him about the handsome stranger. Father shook his head.

"What chance has he among you girls?" he asked. "Does it require a statistician to determine how long he can dodge you?"

Maginelle Driver, who came up to play the organ, was silent and acted unlike her cheerful self. She left her Sunday school class to Samantha English and drove away. Down the trail, by Deans, which would take her several miles out of her way, went Maginelle, managing to run out of water directly in front of the house. Mrs. Honeysett, who was the soul of sociability, asked her into the sick room, and she told afterward that as soon as the young man saw her he asked: "Is it you, Maginelle?" and Maginelle knelt at the bed crooning to him as a mother to an infant, smoothing his brow, saying over and over she would never leave him again. The long afternoon she stayed and when finally he slept, she left.

"Who is he?" she carelessly asked Mrs. Honeysett.

"Aint he an old beau of yours?" asked that astonished woman.

"Why do you ask that?" returned Maginelle.

"He called your name," began Mrs. Honeysett.

"Did he?" she asked. "I had not noticed."

Mrs. Honeysett related it to Dr. Ted Kilmurray, who advised: "Say nothing to him about Miss Driver. He is looney enough as it is. She would have stopped and soothed any one—you or me, or Sam."

October and November wore away. The first snow fell lightly on the Mesa, but far to the West the tops of the Sangre de Cristos were white. The sun came out and melted the snow. The trail was muddy for a few days, and the

soft New Mexican winter, balmy as an eastern October, came to stay.

While Kelly—that was the young man's name—had lain in delirium, most of the ranchers had seen him. On some pretext or other they called at Deans.

As he regained strength he was Sam's shadow. The girls looked on him as a knight of old, for did he not ride out of Nowhere with a belt of gold? He went with Sam to the Post Office, to Kilmurray's, and to Devil's Neck. He sat on Father Kearney's porch. But he was a delightful mystery to the girls. In all his illness he gave no evidence against himself except that he was falling, falling, falling, or had fallen, and that his horse's name was Mack. He sometimes had walked a tight rope, played a trombone, lived again the days of the Argonne, and eventually came back to the falling, falling, falling. Not the merest fragment of a clue as to where he came from or what he might have been. So when the summer wore away and the first frosts touched the hillsides, leaving them aglory with red and gold, the Mesa folks took it for granted he was located permanently.

And he, seeming to know what was expected of him, went on the pay roll of the Pelouze Cattle Co., Inc., with a rumor that Father Kearney was instrumental in getting him there. Be that as it may. His work was to buy cattle, up the northern and down the southern trail; over old roads and beautiful; by granite rocks and stunted pines; around deep ravines and arroyos, up, up to other mesa lands, above the bird and timber line, where the wind never slept, and fat cattle grazed contentedly.

Often he stopped at Irish Inn over night, mayhap longer. He was a man of fetching appearance, tall, lithe, and something individual in the way he parted his reddish, brown hair at the side, in this day of plastered pomps.

Loretta Munger, she who had been Loretta Wallace, was clerk at the Inn, and every time Kelly came into the office she patted her hair and gave her nose a dab of powder. Perry Munger had met his death in the Blossburg Mine. One day Kelly tore his hand on a hemp rope, and Loretta's eyes filled with tears, real tears, as she dressed it. She told me it was hard to release them on such short notice, and to do it she had to think of poor Perry Munger down in that mine shaft, and her dear grandma who died of rabies. She invariably could cry by combining the two tragedies. And as a climax she told me she was working for Kelly.

When I told all this to Father Kearney he took on terrible by saying: "Constance, are you not ashamed? How can you tell such a thing? It is wrong to speak so."

And I spoke right up and told him she said she came to clerk at the Inn to see him. Whereat he said:

"You should respect her confidence."

"You should protect him from her," I said. "She is all for dress and—"

"Tut, tut, Constance," he interrupted. "I am lonesome. Come over to supper tomorrow night. Miss Driver will be there."

I told Mrs. Irish, Father invited me to supper and she gave a can of peaches, a loaf of bread, some sauerkraut, potatoes, cream, butter, and a chocolate cake. It was a good thing she gave me all this, for when I went over after school to look around the pantry, there were a few crackers, a little corn meal and a dish of frijoles.

I hustled to get everything in readiness and stood back to view the effect. I felt an inner sense of satisfaction, especially in the rosy glow of the geranium holding the place of honor in the center of the table. Everything was as ready as could be when Father came in.

"Supper for four, Constance," he said, and before I could ask who the fourth party might be, Maginelle came. Of course he had a right to invite whom he pleased to his own house.

"How nice it looks," he went on, leading us to the porch, where we sat and awaited the arrival of the unknown guest.

He came. Kelly. Dismounting at the gate he threw the bridle over the post and with an easy manner and a smile was almost to the porch before he saw Maignelle. He stood stock still like a frightened horse. Miss Driver stared at him. One word he spoke: "Maginelle."

"Good evening, John," said Father, "you know Miss Driver." And he said he did, coming right up and sitting beside her, and taking her hand, which Father and I saw he intended to hold, so we went in and set the food on the table.

Epidemics of Words

MYRTLE CONGER

WORDS often appear in the form of epidemics among different classes of persons. A word germ, like any other germ, may attack most any one, most any time. Regular epidemics, however, are most common among that peculiar class known as the writers, this class being, naturally, most frequently exposed to such germs,—the novelist and producers of fiction in general, whether it be literary, political, or other kind, being, manifestly, the most susceptible to these attacks.

Epidemics among this class begin, usually,

by one of their number becoming infected by some especially telling word or other, when shortly thereafter, others may be observed breaking out with the same word, whereupon the contagion begins to spread rapidly until soon there is regular epidemic of that word among them. Few writers are immune to the word germ.

It may be most any word but, generally, it is an adjective. Writers are congenitally susceptible to attacks of adjectives. Among the fiction writers, it will be noticed that these attacks are most manifest in the description of heroines. At one time, some writer or other became infected with the word *absurd*, and forthwith, all the other writers began breaking out with it; and then the reader was presented with a succession of heroines possessing all kinds of fanciful absurdities—with absurd little ears and feet; with noses turning up absurdly, and chins absurdly dimpled. They even talked and acted absurdly. For the most part, they are still doing that. While the absurd epidemic ran its course, the number of absurd little things that one heroine could be, say and do was most astonishing. It was simply absurd, in fact.

No sooner do writers recover from one word than they begin to come down with another. For a time they had quite an attack of *anon*; and almost immediately, everything began happening anon. Not that the words run in anything like alphabetical order. The word *disease*, like any other disease, has no regular order; there is no accounting for the way it may run. The writers are subject to such attacks at all times and these attacks may be of short duration, or they may run on for a longer period—usually till some writer catches some other word, and starts a new contagion.

Through one period there was a rather widespread epidemic of *incredible* among them, at which time there appeared heroines of incredible beauty and incredible loveliness, and other incredible qualities. They were incredibly wise. There was a regular procession of the most incredible heroines. Nearly an entire season was required for the line to pass a given point.

Infinite ran a similar, though somewhat more violent, course among the writers. All that before had been incredible and incredibly, later became infinite and infinitely. Where heroines had hitherto been merely incredibly something, they now became infinitely something. They smiled with infinite sweetness, spoke with infinite tenderness; and looked with infinite pathos, and other infinite emotions out of eyes of infinite depths. One writer even described

a heroine as a "bud of infinity." The figure completed, she would later develop into a blossom of infinity, then into the fruit of infinity—whatever any of it may mean.

Heroes, too were possessed of infinity, and given to doing things in more or less infinite ways. They had infinite strength, and varying degrees of infinite ability and valor; and they looked after the affairs of love, life, and the world in general with the most infinite care.

Even finite creatures were endowed with infinity by a mere sweep of a fevered pen; space, place, and even inanimate things were given infinite qualities. Oceans, prairies, and above, all deserts, were of infinite vastness; and forests, of infinite solitude. Music, painting and statuary were sure to have any infinite something, (usually, it was an infinite charm) during the infinite epidemic among the writers.

And oddly enough, this seems to be one of the epidemics most likely to recur among them. They seem to be subject to intermittent attacks of the infinite fever. Note the evidence in most any periodical you may happen to be reading—except this one.

Then there was *ineffable* and *ineffably*, running much the same course, though in milder form. At another time the writers came down with a long and tedious attack of *intrigue*, at which time everything began suggesting intrigue, and everyone did things in the most intriguing ways. Later, they became infected with *inscrutable*, the first marked attack of this word occurring shortly after the first disappearance of the *Mona Lisa* (she of the inscrutable smile) from the *Louvre*; fresh attacks being noticeable with each succeeding *disappearance* of the celebrated Madame and her still more celebrated smile.

Then there was *insouciance* and its several variants. For a time, the fever ran high on these words; nor has it yet fully abated. Many insouciant young persons with insouciant smiles and other insouciant features are still roaming about insouciantly, and otherwise conducting themselves with considerable insouciance.

Incredible, infinite, ineffable, intrigue, inscrutable, insouciance, along with many other *ins*, make up a list of some of the most common word epidemics. There seems to be something especially infectious in the *in*-words among the writers. To speak in parliamentary terms, the *ins* seem to have it.

During one brief season, there was an epidemic of *unique*, at which period the mere reader longed to ask with Mark Twain, if anyone ever really knew the meaning of that word.

At another time there was an acute attack

of *medieval*, this word usually breaking out in the form of an aspersión. Whenever the writers wished to condemn anyone, or anything, they wrote of it in terms of *medieval*. Of more recent months, however, this word seems to have been superseded by a rather general attack of *Victorian* and *mid-Victorian*. The fever ran high on these two words this last season; nor has it yet fully abated. *Victorian* and *mid-Victorian* seem to be, so to speak, among the most fashionable of the word diseases.

The very newest attack appears to be *adore* and its variants, these appearing in much the same forms as *incredible* and *infinite* at an earlier period. The most up-to-date heroines are now adorable, and they act adorably, and simply adore everything around them all the way through whatever is being written about them.

Time changes; and with it the use of words, but an epidemic of some word or other always prevails among the writers in some form or other, more or less virulent, and of greater or less duration. Others affected by these epidemics are the speakers, public men, and lecturers; likewise, the club women, and nearly everyone else. However, a word germ will ever find its most fecund soil in the brain of the writer.

Of the origin and history of this disease, very little seems known. There appear to be no works on the subject, no authority upon which a proper study of it might be based. It is one of the subjects (probably the only one) upon which no chart of statistics has as yet been drawn.

Almost nothing appears to be known of its basic cause. There are no symptoms preceding it by which its incipience may be recognized. There is absolutely no evidence of the approach of the disease until one or the other of the writers begin to break out with the word—whatever word it happens to be at the time. And while it is always very contagious and always spreads with amazing rapidity, it has never been known to be fatal. However, once contracted, it is, to all appearances, hopelessly incurable. No writer has ever been known entirely to recover from it. All writers are subject to recurrent attacks of it in some form or other.

It is a disease unique of its kind in that those who have contracted it are never the ones who suffer from it. The writers feel no pain whatever from these words attacks. It is the reader who suffers from it, who feels the pain, a pain which may be described as a peculiar irritating sensation as the word continues to rise up at

him from every printed page as the epidemic grows,—the sensation increasing with the consciousness that, as a mere reader, he is utterly helpless. He is the victim of a fell disease which another person has carelessly contracted. It is a feeling akin to that which accompanies his reading of his income tax blank, if so trite a comparison may be used.

Regarding the authentic date of the first appearance of this peculiar disease it will, apparently, remain in obscurity until some of our investigating scientists are able to throw more definite light on the subject. Until then, we may suppose at a venture that this disease began at about the time of the invention of letters, following the days of the hero, Cadmus. Regular epidemics, however, do not seem to have been noticeably prevalent, at least, not very wide-spread, until after the invention of printing, becoming more general, and increasing with greater rapidity after the introduction of the typewriter. The peak appears to have been reached with the development of the fiction writers, a peak which they have steadily maintained ever since.

There is evidence that this disease was known in the days of the chosen race. It was probably this disease that that prophet had in mind who told his son that of the making of many books there is no end, and that much study is an affliction of the flesh. Most likely the poor prophet had been suffering from it through some of the writers who had carelessly contracted it in his day.

Without doubt it was known in the time of Shakespeare. For, witness, when Polonius, himself a man given to much verbosity, asks Hamlet what he is reading, that melancholy Dane makes meaningful reply, "*Words, words, words.*"

The Driftwood Fire

NANCY BUCKLEY

In the flame is the green of the cold winter sea,
When the leashed waves strain to be free;
When they leap, when they champ with a loud hissing
Then break on the bleak sandy shore. [roar,

In the flame is the blue of the bright summer sky,
When the songsters are fluttering by,
When the air is resounding with laughter so gay,
And merrily passes the day.

In the flame is the sunset's vermilion and gold,
And the peacock's proud colors unfold;
There's a swift blaze of glory—a dazzling light—
The fire of driftwood burns bright!

Measles

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

"THE longer measles can be avoided, the better," says a bulletin issued by the Publicity Bureau of the Indiana State Medical Association, and to emphasize the point, records of the State Board of Health showing 258 deaths from measles last year in Indiana are cited. "The safest age to have measles," the bulletin continues, "is about 15 years of age, and the most fatal age is from 2 to 5 years. Nursing babies receive a certain degree of immunity from the mother's milk which protects them against measles. This immunity is lost after they are weaned.

"So even if you think it is hopeless to save your children from measles altogether, try to save them as long as possible from having it.

"This avoiding of measles sounds easy, but remember that you often do not know a certain person has measles until the rash comes out, and in the meantime you may be with that person, and so catch the disease. Or you may meet at school, at a lecture, in a street car, or in church, someone you know nothing about at all, who is coming down with measles or recovering.

"Measles is spread chiefly by contact with those developing the disease and sometimes milk acts as a carrier of the infection. The best way to avoid measles is by never going near anyone who has the disease.

"Measles is caused, we have every reason to believe, by a certain kind of germ which escapes from the patient's mouth or nose, and wherever the material from the mouth or nose goes, the germ goes with it.

"Persons who have had measles seldom take it again. But before deciding that a certain child is all right because he has had it already, be sure that the child really had measles, not German measles. German measles does not protect against measles, nor does measles protect against German measles.

"Children who have had measles before may safely go to school from a house where measles exists, if they wash their hands, and faces carefully, and provided, of course, they are kept away from the case while they are at home. Children who have not had measles cannot safely go to school from a house where measles exists, even if sanitary precautions are taken, not because they are likely to carry germs, but because they are almost certain to become ill themselves. The moment they become ill they can give the disease to others.

"No one, unless he has carefully studied a

great many cases of all disease, can really be sure whether a patient has measles or German measles. Do not be disappointed if the physician will not say at once, for the more expert he is, the more careful he will be in making the diagnosis.

"But perhaps the physician cannot come promptly and you want to know what to do. The very first thing to do, without waiting to find out just exactly what disease the child has, is to take him in a room by himself, away from other children. Place in the room all the child's playthings, towels, clothing, etc., and shut the door.

"Keep the other children out and wash your hands and lips every time you leave the room. If you do these things, you will have the danger limited to the sick room. The faces and hands of the other children should be washed and they should be kept at play on their own premises until the doctor comes. Especially don't set the children to watch the sick one while you are out, even for a short time.

"No one who is taking care of a measles case or of anyone who is likely to come down with this disease, or of anyone just recovering from it, should have anything to do with handling food for others, especially milk. So don't get supper for the other children while you are waiting for the doctor to come.

"When a person who has not had measles receives the germs into his mouth or nose, no effect can be seen or felt usually until nine or ten days have passed. This interval is called the incubation period.

"When the first symptoms show, they continue and become worse for about four days before the rash appears, although they often let up about the third day. This interval is called the prodromal period.

"In measles the symptoms before the rash appears are as a rule somewhat severe. There is apt to be loss of appetite, fever, and headache, and vomiting is not infrequent. The eyes are red, watery with swollen lids, and the child complains that light hurts the eyes. The nose is 'stuffed up' and often 'runs' and the throat is sore and there is likely to be some hoarseness and even coughing. The patient is usually constipated, drowsy, and irritable. In brief, the child looks and acts as if it had an exceedingly bad cold in the head with some in the lungs.

"The rash appears on the face, beginning often behind the ears, at the roots of the hair, and the forehead and on the neck, and spreads rapidly. It consists of bluish red spots, raised slightly and running into each other in a blotchy sort of way. With care you may feel the rash with the tips of the fingers (for it stands

from the surface, and the elevations with the depressions between feel like tiny hills and valleys.

"There is a long list of things the unfortunate child may have as a result of the attack. Diseases that may immediately follow are weak eyes, bronchitis, broncho-pneumonia, tuberculosis, laryngitis, stomatitis, noma, indigestion and ileocolitis, middle ear infection, and meningitis. Others that may follow long after are chronic kidney affections, arterio-sclerosis, and nervous affections.

"At the present time there are more deaths from measles than from smallpox, but besides the deaths from measles itself, there are still more from disease that result from measles. For each 100 deaths from measles, there are in addition to those 300 from broncho-pneumonia, etc., following measles, and about 750 more children are injured by other after-effects. The measles case, therefore, requires every care during and after the attack in order to avoid these troubles."

Ruth Carlton's Test

LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY

RUTH Carlton sat in her tiny attic room, making bewitching little caps, and singing like a bird. She was a trained nurse, waiting for a case. Anyone who saw her would be almost willing to be "a case," so charming was the little maiden, so blue her eyes and dimpled her rosy cheeks, so fascinatingly did the red gold curls twist and twine about her shapely head.

As Philip Dean, from his window which made an angle with Ruth's, caught her blithe notes, he took up his violin and improvised an accompaniment. "Good morning," he called out, as she threw back her curtain.

He took from his pocket a photograph, looking at it fondly. "This is my best girl," he said. "It came this morning. Come down. I want to show it to you. Oh, she's a peach!"

Ruth turned, the joy of life instantly dashed from her heart, and in that slow walk down the stairs she realized that the love of her whole heart had been given to Philip Dean.

Six weeks before, they had been formally "made acquainted" by Ruth's motherly landlady, and had chatted on the porch on warm evenings or played cards in the stuffy little parlor with the other lodgers when it rained.

It was no wonder that, in her loneliness, Ruth's loving heart went out to the tall, kindly fellow who played first violin in Colbaum's Orchestra. He was on the steps before her, and

held out the picture, proudly exclaiming: "My mother. Isn't she just the dearest?"

Like mist before the sunlight, the cloud lifted from Ruth's heart. She seized the photograph and gazed earnestly into the sweet motherly face, her own aglow with the gladness of relief.

"I've tickets for the Symphony tonight," said Philip. "Can you go?"

Indeed she could. And, afterward, as they walked home in the moonlight, he told of this dearly loved mother and touched on his hopes and plans for the future, while Ruth told of her early, orphaned life and how she came to choose her profession.

From that night their intimacy deepened. Ruth felt that his heart was turning truly toward her, though at times he was absent-minded and slightly moody. She felt that there was some hidden perplexity in his life. Once he said: "Ruth, I am going to tell you something," but a friend joined them, and the chance went by. A week passed. Ruth thought he avoided her, though she was conscious that his eyes constantly sought hers.

"One can surely trust such a good son," she thought, trying to put disturbing fancies from her mind.

There came a morning when, as she tripped light-heartedly down the stairs, Mrs. Brown met her with woeful face and told her that Philip Dean had been knocked down by a speeding car and carried, insensible, to the hospital.

How strangely do we seem at times to be swayed and whirled by pitiless events, yet there is a deep and wise meaning in all that comes if we will but listen and receive it in the right spirit.

Ruth had scarcely time to brace up, lest she betray herself, before a doctor, from a neighboring town, rushed in and begged her to come at once to a typhoid patient.

In an hour she was at her post, all the instincts of her profession aroused to helpfulness, while those who saw her sweet, serene face little guessed her own heartsickness.

Happily the suspense was soon over. In a few days a letter was forwarded to her from Philip. His left arm and collar bone were broken. Other injuries were slight. Would she come to see him?

Holding the precious words to her heart, Ruth fairly flew to the druggist's for some delayed medicine for her patient. Two ladies were sitting at a table, eating ice cream. As Ruth waited, she heard these words: "I heard about young Dean from Cousin Myra. He has great musical ability. How fortunate that he escaped with so little injury. His mother is

(Continued on page 84)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—It costs two and a half cents a mile more to run a Ford on bad roads than on good ones. This is the conclusion from experiments made by the Kentucky Highway Department with two separate fleets of Fords.

—The 1000 horse power aircraft engine is the next goal for the designers of huge aircraft. Predictions are made that the finished product will average about 1.5 lb. per horse power.

—The concrete stave has come to stay. It is used mostly for silos and coal pockets. It is much larger than a barrel stave, as it measures about 30 inches in length, ten inches in width, and weighs nearly 70 pounds.

—The boll weevil is attacked by man now in another way. Careful breeding has produced a cotton boll with a hull too thick for the boll weevil to penetrate. Whilst the cotton is still small, however, the plant must be protected by a poison.

—For the radio amateur who experiments with various 'hook-ups,' the following remark from the *Scientific American* is of value: "When it comes to loud speaker operation, the single circuit regenerative receiver, together with two stages of audio-frequency amplification, gives the best results at the lowest expense."

—A new carburetor for the automobile regulates the mixture of air and gasoline automatically. Mileage has been increased from 25 to 100 per cent.

—The knock in the gasoline engine, generally ascribed to preignition, may also be due to the motor fuel. Certain chemical compounds, bearing imposing names such as diethyl selenite, tetraethyl lead, etc., when introduced into the fuel, will often eliminate the knock.

—What is a balloon tire? Considerable confusion still remains in the minds of many. Hearing that it is a tire that requires less inflation, some drivers expect to have the same results with the ordinary tire, provided it be underinflated. This idea is wrong, and the practice means ruination to the tire. The term has been applied to many sizes with varying pressures for inflation. The essential idea is to have a large-sized tire of thinner walls with lower pressure. It is well to distinguish between balloon tires and "balloon type" tires. The balloon tires are made for wheels and rims of three special dimensions only, whilst "balloon type" tires fit the wheels and rims now in use. There are 213 sizes of the latter on approved lists.

—The dream of the inventor has been to transmit electric currents by wireless for power purposes. Nikola Tesla announces that he has completed all the details, and will soon commence construction. The claim has been made so often that the skeptical public must be convinced by the reality.

—Short wave transmission for radio is attracting great attention. Two great advantages are: daylight transmission equal to the night range, and a great in-

crease in range. The ordinary amateur is acquainted with the Hastings, Nebr., KFKK station repeating the Pittsburgh, Pa., KDKA programs. But they may not know that Pittsburgh has been able to do the same on a wave length of 94 meters for stations in Europe.

—The Bayer Company in Germany announces a new substitute for camphor called hexeton.

—Allusions to the siege of Troy and other Homeric topics are found in clay tablets said to date from a dozen centuries before Christ. The tablets were recently brought to Berlin from the Hethite country near the Holy Land. It is not stated in what language the tablets were written, but if in the original Hethite language, the translation marks a triumph for Oriental scholars, since the Hethite language has, so far, not been deciphered.

—The dreams of long distance commercial service by airplane find a great obstacle in the unwillingness of capital and governments to finance the projects.

—The U. S. army air service has developed a camera for photographing objects five miles away.

—The moon's influence on weather and crops, in spite of popular superstition, has been declared negligible by the U. S. weather bureau. The moon has no heat of its own. The pull of the moon has been found to produce a surge in the air, like to a tide, but the effect is small compared to the effect of the heating and cooling of the air.

—Can you name our most used words? A professor has examined books, etc., containing 4,000,000 words, and found that 25 per cent of the words were repetitions of fifteen simple words. They are: "in," "that," "and," "a," "the," "to," "with," "be," "of," "as," "all," "at," "not," "for," "on." Another record of words misspelled in school examinations, shows that the word most commonly misspelled is the simple adverb "too."

—A new theory as to cancer finds the cause in improper diet, and proposes prevention by proper eating.

—Radio mysteries still beg a solution. Our Mother Earth is blamed for many. The magnetic pole and deposits of magnetic ore,—are they among the causes? Two ships, the Maud and the Bowdoin, now ice bound on opposite sides of the Polar regions are daily sending radio messages to amateurs in an attempt to solve the mystery. The two ships are bent on Arctic exploration and scientific minds have suggested the daily record of their signal reception by half a million amateurs should be of great aid. To stimulate interest, one hundred prizes have been offered.

—Does light or heat turn cherries red? Experiments report from France that the red color is due to the heat and not to the light.

—The common milkweed may soon take its place with the silk cocoon and the cotton plant. Its fiber has been found to possess the best virtues of cotton and silk. Incidentally the announcement is a tribute to

hard, persevering work. The inventor, Mr. Sydney Joyce, now ninety-four years old, started his researches in 1873. A lifetime of plant cultivation, with testing to secure proper chemicals, led to the desired result.

—It looks like a lake of frozen snow, but it is a lake of soda in British East Africa. Two hundred tons of soda ash are prepared there every day. The chemical world is watching with great interest the effect on the world's markets.

—American paintings will be short-lived,—some, scarcely fifty years. Inferior canvas and poor paints are given as the causes. Even some of the imported Italian masterpieces, from the ages when the artist ground his own paints and knew what he used, seem doomed to the same fate when exposed to the extreme changes of American climate and the dry heat of our American museums and homes. Research is under way to secure better materials.

—The mystery of the northern lights, or aurora borealis, seems to have been solved. Electrical discharges in the rarefied upper atmosphere have long been held as the cause, but the same effects could not be reproduced in the laboratory. It has now been found that crystals of solidified nitrogen, when bombarded with cathode rays, reproduce the aurora. It seems certain that frozen nitrogen particles in the intense cold of the outer atmosphere are the cause of the beautiful lights.

—This summer sees a party of hardy mountain climbers making the third attempt to scale Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The two greatest difficulties are, the lack of oxygen at such high altitudes, and the low boiling point, which prevent the preparation of proper food.

—The average span of life has been lengthened twenty years in the last century and a quarter. Since the sixteenth century it has been doubled. At present it is about fifty-eight years. Science predicts that proper hygiene will better this in the near future.

—Shipments of milk sap from rubber plantations may revolutionize the rubber industry. The milk sap is the source of rubber, but until recently it has been changed into crude rubber on the plantations. Recently the sap, called rubber latex, is shipped in steamships and tank cars, as oil is. With the use of the latex the manufacture of rubber tires is improved, as the fibres can be better impregnated with rubber. The same holds true for waterproof fabrics, such as rain coats, etc. A new putty or rubber and filler has resulted that will last as long as the pane of glass it holds. In the manufacture of linoleum and oil cloth, the latex offers a better substitute for the linseed oil. Waterproof cements, rubber glues, repair materials, are soon to be placed on the market. In short, the new method is expected to revolutionize the rubber industry.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—A contradiction—bed time stories by radio when the modern child starts for the movies.

—As the horse power of a car increases, the horse sense of the driver often decreases.

—Many family troubles spring from man's love for wet goods, and woman's love for dry goods.

—After a flash of lightning during the thunder storm a little child turned to its mother and said: "God is taking a flashlight of me."

—Nature has its compensations. Fishing time opens with house cleaning time.

—Every owner of an auto is working for the oil interests.

—The only time some people can save is when daylight saving goes into effect.

—An exchange carried the following:—Wanted: An experienced aviator to train me to handle a plane. I furnish plane, field, and fool.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S. J., the new Vicar Apostolic of Honduras, who was consecrated at St. Louis on March 19th, left early in May for Belize, British Honduras, the field of his future labors.

—Early in April Rt. Rev. Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Penn., was instrumental in settling a trolley car strike in which 600 conductors, motormen, and carmen were concerned. On two other occasions the Bishop acted in the capacity of peacemaker in similar difficulties.

—A campaign, limited to nine days, for raising \$3,000,000, was opened for school purposes on March 29th in the diocese of Pittsburgh. This amount was oversubscribed by nearly \$3,000,000 (\$2,750,000). A campaign is now on in the same diocese to secure vocations for the priesthood and for the religious state. The services of about seventy-five priests have been enlisted in this campaign. The attention of parents and children alike will be called to this important matter. Each school in the diocese will be visited and the matter of vocations will be discussed familiarly with the children. May devotions and special prayers will be offered throughout the month for this intention. May this campaign for vocations likewise be "oversubscribed" by many thousands. Pittsburgh has struck the keynote, which should be taken up by all other dioceses.

—Although he had requested that there be no demonstration on his return from Rome, Cardinal Hayes was given a rousing welcome by a great multitude, said to be 600,000, who gathered at the pier to greet him when he landed at New York. Clad in the red robes of a Cardinal, the new Prince of the Church left the ship amid the applause, the greetings, and the felicitations of prelate and priest, of city and state official, of Catholic and non-Catholic, of old and young alike. The streets along the way to St. Patrick's Cathedral were packed with the masses who were eager for a glimpse of His Eminence. In the Cathedral 6,000 parochial school children were awaiting his arrival. Four children, representatives of the million Catholic children of the archdiocese, made brief addresses of welcome and presented their Shepherd with a spiritual

bouquet of 100,000 Holy Communion, the same number of Masses, and a million ejaculations. His Eminence is a great lover of children.

—The new St. Francis Preparatory Seminary, near Cincinnati, intended for students who are preparing to enter the Order of St. Francis, in the Province of St. John the Baptist, was dedicated on Decoration Day, May 30th. Archbishop Moeller celebrated the Pontifical High Mass and Bishop Chartrand of Indianapolis preached.

—The Franciscans of the Province of the Sacred Heart have bought the country home of Francis Peabody, known as Mayslake, a tract of land near Hinsdale, which is about twenty miles west of Chicago. Here they will establish their new preparatory seminary to train aspirants for their Order. The preparatory seminary at Teutopolis, which has done service for more than sixty years, and is now inadequate for seminary purposes, will be abandoned for more commodious quarters.

—The French Government has repealed the decree of June 30, 1914, which dissolved the hospital order of Benedictine nuns of Notre Dame du Calvaire of Orleans, and has ordered the liquidation of their property and holdings.

—His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein returned from Rome to Chicago, his archiepiscopal city, on May 11th. A special train brought him and his party to the metropolis on Lake Michigan. An immense concourse of people, roughly estimated at 1,000,000 thronged the streets along the twelve miles of the procession from the station to the Cathedral. Alighting from the train in his Cardinal's robes, the Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago was given a royal welcome. His return to the city was like a grand triumph. During the three hours required for the procession to reach the Cathedral, His Eminence was occupied with sprinkling blessings right and left, recognizing an occasional familiar face, acknowledging greetings of individuals of groups. The first public blessing that the new Cardinal gave in the Cathedral was bestowed upon a congregation of boys and young men who literally packed the sacred edifice.—Being a New York boy, Cardinal Mundelein was greeted by many thousands when he landed at New York. Neither the darkness of night nor a drizzling rain lessened their enthusiasm. Several days after his return to Chicago a grand celebration was held in the Cathedral. Four archbishops were in attendance as were also twenty-one bishops, four abbots, many monsignori, two thousand priests of the secular and regular clergy, besides more than five thousand of the laity. At the banquet, which followed, two checks of \$500,000 each were presented to His Eminence for his preparatory seminary at Area, now under construction, which will form one unit of the great university to be erected there. Chicago evidently does not believe in doing things by halves.

MISSIONS

—Through the munificence of His Eminence William

Cardinal O'Connell, a church, dedicated to St. William, has been erected at Hsein Toa Chen, China, in the Han Yang Prefecture, which is under the guidance of the Columban Fathers.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Freri, for many years national director of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, has been raised to the dignity of bishop. Up to the present time Mgr. Freri has collected \$12,-646,616.42 for the missions.

—On Holy Saturday twenty-one postulants received the religious habit and thirty-six novices pronounced their first vows in the chapel of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic at Maryknoll, N. Y.

—Six Sisters of the Precious Blood, from Manchester, New Hampshire, and Portland, Oregon, sailed on May 8th for Shanghai, China. At Tientsin, in the Province of Chihli, they will establish a convent.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

The Mission Prayer Leaflet, issued by the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit for the month of May, was devoted entirely to vocations, in cooperation with the nationwide crusade for greater attention to vocations, promoted by the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada. The five intentions written up in the leaflet were, "The Teaching Sisterhoods," "Vocation Week," "Vocations to the Nursing Sisterhoods," "Vocations to the Religious Brotherhoods," and "Vocations to the Home and Foreign Missions."

Four thousand leaflets, carrying their earnest cry for more laborers in the Lord's vineyard, were distributed to institutions in all parts of the country. We trust that the May leaflet has done its part to give our Catholic boys and girls a sound view of the real nature of a religious call, together with an idea of the great need for more priests, brothers, and sisters, the opportunities and requirements for service in the religious life, etc, etc.

Many people wonder what can induce ambitious boys and fun-loving girls to enter religion at an age when life looms up as one grand vista of achievement, honor, and pleasure. What can impel them to forego the enticing invitation of the ball, the theater, of all the grand swirl of social life, to follow in the humble footsteps of the Master? There can be only one explanation for this paradoxical course, it is the grace of God touching their hearts, the sweet and inspiring breath of the Holy Spirit passing over their souls. Such grace is obtained by prayer—for which reason the Seminary Unit devoted all the intentions of its Prayer Leaflet for May to the subject of vocations.

During this month twelve young men will be ordained to the priesthood at St. Meinrad. Joy is the dominant emotion betrayed on their countenances. And what a motive for happiness they have! Toil and sacrifice are the surest gauge of the love and esteem we

have for an object. In the case of a newly ordained priest, eleven years of unrelenting endeavor and sacrifice have been required to reach the goal pointed out to him by God Himself. Surely the love for Christ's work, shown by such prolonged and wearisome effort, must have saturated their entire beings and must necessarily manifest itself. Now, that God has finally conferred upon them the incomprehensible honor of being His representatives and His ministers, they go forth with glad hearts to gather in the stray sheep and to guard those who have remained faithful to their Divine Shepherd.

But there are others besides the "Ordinandi" who have reasons to rejoice on the day of their elevation to the priesthood. The happiness of their superiors, professors, and confreres can easily be imagined. Let us, therefore, proceed to a brief consideration of the joy and the motives for this joy, which the C. S. M. C. experiences on this occasion. In a certain sense, the members of the C. S. M. C. can point to them as their production. The Crusade can justly say that it has inspired them with a higher and broader mission ideal and has instructed them regarding the needs of souls who are not in the parishes to which these young priests will be assigned. It has taught them that the pagan in distant lands have a claim against them, which cannot be ignored. In short, it has broadened their vision of Christ's kingdom on earth and has pointed out to them ways of assisting both home and foreign missions, without detriment to their own parishes. The C. S. M. C. is justly proud of these young levites going forth into the Christ's vineyard in order to exemplify the principles taught them by the Crusade.

Trees

JOHN M. COONEY

Lo, how the vale trees tower tall!
(Fair nuns screened safe by the convent wall.)
Trees writhe and gnarl on the storm-wrecked hill;
(Ah, sister and brother, we're lashed with ill
And sin's scourge burns us whatever our will.)
But One there was would receive love's token
From Magdalen, seared of soul and broken;
And He it was took His pain and fret
To the twisted trees of Olivet.

English Pilgrimage to Palestine

(Continued from page 60)

ders for the native work, which will greatly contribute towards the maintenance and development of the undertaking. The American Catholic pilgrims, who are starting today (St. Patrick's day) for the Holy Land, will doubtlessly have an opportunity of seeing the school, and they will be the means of enlisting American Catholic co-operation in an undertaking which is designed to strengthen Catholicism in

Palestine and to neutralize Protestant American influence.

Beitgiala Seminary, March 17, 1924.

Jesus, Bread from heaven, giving life to the world, have mercy on us.

His Trust

FLORIAN F. HERIDES

Dedicated to the memory of America's First Czech Abbot, the Rt. Rev. John Nepomuc Jaeger, O. S. B., who died February 27, 1924, at St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois.

The afternoon was ebbing fast
As from this world a real man passed,
A man of God, who knew no guile,
Who bore his crosses with a smile—
With words: I trust in God.

For fifty years with faith in God
He bravely over hardships trod,
Convening brethren from all sides
To be the Czechs' true leaders, guides—
With words: I trust in God.

He was to his monastic flock
A strength like that eternal rock,
The Rock of Ages, who he knew
Would e'er his monks in hope renew—
With words: Just trust in God.

And after many fruitful years
God's voice the faithful abbot hears—
While love gleams from his dying eye,
He bids his black-robed sons goodbye—
With words: Just trust in God.

The Passing of the Lord

P. K.

When the sun, majestic, rises
Bright on Corpus Christi Day,
To the sleeping wayside flowers
Robin Redbreast seems to say:
"Wake, and don your festive garments,
For the Lord will pass this way."

Then the florets all awaking
From their slumber of the night,
Dry their dewy locks, their petals,
In the morning's balmy light,
Each one vying with its neighbor
To appear more neat and bright.

There they wait in all their beauty,
Given them by God on high,
Lilies, daisies, brown-eyed Susans,
Till their Maker, passing by,
Blesses them as at Creation:
"Grow, increase and multiply."



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The loveliest month of the year is at hand. There is none fairer than June, the fairest of the fair. Speaking of a June evening, the poet Whittier says,

"'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird."

All of us are, or at least should be, familiar with the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and know the beautiful lines written by Lowell,

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, we see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass or flowers."

Pentecost or Whit Sunday

On the 8th of June is the feast of Pentecost, the day on which the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles, who, with Mary the mother of Jesus, were assembled in prayer in a house at Jerusalem. The word "Pentecost" is taken from the Greek, and means fiftieth. This was the last of the fifty days, commencing with Easter, which the early Christians celebrated as days of rejoicing at the Resurrection of the Lord. It was on this day that the Apostles, who were filled with the Holy Ghost, commenced the work of sanctifying and purifying mankind, by baptizing three thousand persons who were converted by the sermon of Peter, and it was on this day that the Church of Jesus publicly professed her faith in the crucified Saviour. Pentecost is the birthday of the Church.

Trinity Sunday

Trinity Sunday, which is the eighth Sunday after Easter, and which occurs this year on June 15, is celebrated by Holy Mother Church in order that we may openly profess our faith in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which is the first of Christian truths, the foundation of the Christian religion, and the most sublime of all mysteries; and that we may give thanks to the Father for having created us, to the Son for having redeemed us, and to the Holy Ghost for having sanctified us.

Corpus Christi

On June the 19th occurs another important feast. It is on this day that the Church celebrates the institution of the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. The Latin term Corpus Christi means Body of Christ. Where it can be done there is usually a grand open-air procession with the Blessed Sacrament on this day for

a public profession of our holy faith, for a public reparation for all the offences which are committed against the Blessed Sacrament, for the veneration and adoration due the Son of God in this Sacrament, and in thanksgiving for its institution, and to draw down the divine blessing upon the people and country.

The Red Lily

When Christ walked in Gethsemane
The night before He died,
The flowers thereabout bent low,
For grief their heads to hide.

All but the lily tall and vain,
It thought, "The very sight
Of my pale loveliness will bring
Him cheer this dreadful night."

Christ walking slowly came close by.
The lily felt its God!....
With sudden, waking shame it blushed,
And bowed down to the sod.

Since then, in all humility,
This flower has been red,
And on its stem it lowly hangs
Its once high, stately head.

Ethel King.

A Busy Family

(Contributed by Marguerite and Louise Vogt)

"Say, Bub," said the book agent, as he drew up at the gate of a house in a country town on which was swinging a barefooted boy, "is your pa around?"

"Nope. Pa's out breaking in a colt," was the reply.

"Could I see your ma?"

"Nope. Ma's jest took a walk to break in a new pair of shoes."

"Is your big sister at home?"

"Nope. Pete Lawson fell over town an' busted his leg, and she's gone over to break the news to his ma."

"Maybe I could see another of your sisters?"

"Nope. The other's gone to town to break a ten-dollar bill."

"Well, I guess I'll have to talk to your big brother, then. Will you call him, please?"

"Can't. He's breakin' stone up at the county jail."

"Your folks seem to be pretty well occupied," smiled the book agent. "Maybe I could interest you in a book bargain?"

"Not me, mister," replied the boy. "That feller comin' over the hill called me squint-eyed yesterday, an' I'll be so busy breakin' his head that I won't have no time to talk to you."

Little Bessie, age 5, after calling her mother several times during the night and receiving no reply, said: "Mother, are you really asleep or are you just pitending you're a telephone girl?"

I Wonder

If you saw a "cat-tail,"
As you journeyed on your way,
Could you find the kitty-cat
That belonged to it, I pray?
And if you pulled the "cat-tail,"
Or bent it, any how,
I pray you, tell me truly,
Would the kitty-cat me-ow?

Agnes Brown Hering.

The Little Squirrel's Advice

Once upon a time there was a little gray squirrel who lived high up in an oak tree in a large woods by the river. He was bountifully supplied with hickory nuts and all that his squirrel nature could wish for. All day long he frisked about gathering up his food, and at night he curled up in his little bed in the tree.

One bright morning he was out unusually early to gather up his breakfast. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, a great fox pounced upon him and was about to make a morning's meal of the pretty squirrel.

"Wait, wait!" cried the frightened squirrel. "I was taught that we should say grace or give thanks before meals."

"How is that done?" said the unsuspecting fox.

"Well, let me show you," said the little squirrel. "Fold your hands like this. Now close your eyes."

The fox did so, and, quicker than you can say Jack Robinson, the nimble squirrel ran up a tree.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the delighted squirrel, "I forgot to tell you that you must watch while you pray."

Flora Theobald.

Letter Box

MacTier, Ont., Canada.

Dear Aunt Agnes

I have been reading The Grail every month for a long time. I would like to join the Children's Corner. I am 11 years old and in 3rd grade in school. I would be very glad if someone my age would write to me. But first of all am I old enough?

I am going to tell you about MacTier. The population is about 700. I go to St. James Church. It is the only Catholic Church up here. There are two schools, the kindergarten and the public school. We have a library in our school and we have nice books in it. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father MacKendry. There are three teachers here. Our town is a railroad terminal. It is called after the vice-president of the Eastern lines of the C. P. R., A. D. MacTier. It is in the district of Muskoka.

There are lots of lovely summer resorts up here. The one nearest to us is 11 miles from here, a place called Bala. Many people from all over the world come there for the summer. They take boats there to other summer resorts. The winters are long and cold. But very pleasant is the summer. As my letter is getting long. I will close.

Your new friend,

Margaret Kelly.

You are welcome, Margaret. Come again.

816 St. Louis Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

At last we are asking admission to the "Corner." We read the Grail every month and certainly enjoy it, especially the "Children's Corner."

We are twins, and our names are "Marguerite and Louise." We are 12 years of age, and in the 7th Grade at St. Mary's School. Our teacher's name is Sister Josella. We made our Solemn Communion on Sunday, April 27.

We are the youngest of the family, and a little spoiled, so they say. We have no pets, but like them just the same. We simply love to go roller-skating. We know that we are not the only ones that like it, for nearly everyone in our neighborhood has skates.

We are sending you a few smiles, and hope that you will find room to print them. Perhaps next month, we will think up a few riddles.

We intend to write for the "Letter Contest" just as soon as we get acquainted.

We suppose we must stop writing for this time, for we are sure that there are many others who want to join, and they are just as anxious to have their letters printed as we are.

With much love to you and all the Cornerites, we are,

Your little nieces,

Marguerite and Louise Vogt.

P. S. We would like for the Cornerites to write to us.

Marguerite and Louise also contributed some "Exchange Smiles," which will appear later.

5007 So. Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Hering;

This is my first letter to you for it is only the second time I have read "The Grail." We have just started our subscription but I am glad we did so, because I enjoy the "Children's Corner" very much.

I see that Julia May O'Toole had won the first contest. I would have tried this time but we just received the magazine this morning, the 24th of March, which is too late.

I am sending you a couple of puzzles which I hope you and all the cornerites will enjoy. With love to all from,

Your new friend,

Veronica Stellmach.

P. S. I have just solved all the puzzles except the conundrums which seem pretty hard.

This letter is not very long but later on I will write a longer and more interesting one like Mary Rita Shaffo's.

Lyons, Wis., Box 166.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I read Margaret McLane's letter in the March number of the Grail and it gave me courage to write.

I guess I had better tell you who I am. Well, I am Irene Boylan, a girl that lives across the road from Margaret's place. I am in the fifth grade. I am eleven years old. I attend St. Joseph's school of this place and I like it real well. This school has about seventy-five or one hundred students.

Margaret has often told me about the Monastery at St. Meinrad and also about the Convent at Ferdinand, and judging from what she has told and showed me they must be lovely places.

Well, I haven't anything else to say only I would like to have the Cornerites write to me.

Your new friend,

Irene Boylan.

618 W. 187th St., New York.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am a newcomer who would like to join the "Corner." I am fifteen years old and I am in third term high school.

Tennis is my favorite sport. I have played tennis

twice this year indoors. I am very glad that it is about time to play outdoors.

This winter I learned how to play Ma Jongg, the ancient game of China. It is very interesting and it is not half so hard as many people think it is.

This week I took my mid-term examinations in Biology, Algebra, English, and French.

I would like to hear from some of the cornerites about my own age and older.

Hoping you will publish my letter, I will close.

Sincerely Yours,
Virginia Deutsch.

1342 Montezuma St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hello, Everybody:

How would you like to read the letter of a Pittsburgh girl? I would really like to join the Grail Letter Box as I just love to write letters.

I am fourteen years old, have dark brown eyes, and dark brown curly bobbed hair. I go to Corpus Christi School and I am in the eighth grade and will graduate in June.

Now as to sports, I enjoy dancing and swimming. I also am fond of music, tennis, and basketball.

I have noticed that the Letter Box has not received many letters from Pittsburgh, so I have decided to get busy and write and I hope I will be welcome. I also hope that I find my letter printed in the Grail.

I am very thankful to the Grail as I have made friends with girls outside of my own state, and I certainly will be glad to answer any letters I receive. In fact, I want other girls to write to me.

Now, if no one minds, I will tell you what I think of Pittsburgh. The name, "Smoky City," does not suit Pittsburgh. Most of our weather is clear, except of course when it rains, and then it is very foggy as over in London.

Pittsburgh is a wonderful place to live in, and I am sure you would like it if you lived here. Pittsburgh has some large and beautiful parks. Also we have large department stores here.

Well, I think I have written plenty for one day and I will close. Please excuse my mistakes. I remain,

Sincerely,
Gertrude Hazen.

Gurley Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Here I am again! I really want to be a faithful member, so I must "wake up" and keep my promise. The "Grail" is a splendid magazine, and we all enjoy it very much. The last time I wrote I intended to write again and never be a "slacker." When I saw how kind you were in printing my letter I determined to write again.

Cincinnati is a delightful place, but it cannot be better than Indiana. I go to St. Theresa's Church and school. It is not such a large building, as some, but I like it just the same, and maybe better. It is a new building and very beautiful. We hope to make it more beautiful soon.

Our pastor is Father Mueller. We have the Sisters of Mercy for our instructors. My teacher's name is Sister Mary Mechtilde.

Dear Aunt Agnes, when I have more time, I will write again.

Affectionately,
Flora Theobald.

4901 Dryades St., New Orleans, La.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing this letter to ask admission to the letter

box. I have been reading the Grail for quite a while and I think that the letter box is one of its best departments.

I suppose you would like to know something about myself I am fifteen years of age and attend St. Stephen's High School. This is my second year.

I have three brothers but I am the only girl. My youngest brother is nine years of age. He attends St. Stephen's School also, and is in the fourth grade. My older brother is at St. Mary's Seminary, Missouri. He is studying to become a Lazarist Father. I certainly would appreciate it if any of the little Cornerites would say a few prayers for him. My oldest brother attends Loyola University, conducted by the Jesuit Priests.

A play was given by the third year high girls last week. Everyone enjoyed it. It was called, "The Cost of a Promise."

My letter is getting too long and I will close, hoping that some of the Cornerites will correspond with me, and I promise to answer their letters at once.

Yours Sincerely,
Elise Kuchler.

116 Hale Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I would like to join the corner in the Grail. I was twelve years of age the twenty-fourth of April. I am the youngest of two girls.

I enjoy reading the letters of your nieces and nephews every month and I would like some of the children, or Cornerites, to write to me.

Your niece,
Irene Bailey.

614 Hampden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am writing this letter to ask admission to the "Letter Box." I have been reading the "Grail" for over a year, I think it is very interesting.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to Saint Thomas School, we have the Sisters of Notre Dame for teachers.

I would like to have the readers of the corner write to me.

Your niece,
Monica Orem.

Millvale, Penna.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am a newcomer. I have seen the 'Grail' around our house for some time.

It came for April not so long ago. Picking it up I read about Aunt Agnes, and I became interested so I sat down to read and found that there were good stories in it.

Here is a bit of humor.

A Chinaman had just moved into town and bought a store room in between a drug store and a candy store. That night when the Chinaman went outside he read the sign on the candy store, "Open all night." Then he turned to the drug store's sign and it read, "Never Closed." So the next night the Chinaman had a large sign hanging in front of his store which read, "Me wakkee too."

Well, lots of wishes for success and good luck.

Respectfully yours,
Helena Margretta.

1928 So. Bouvier St., Philadelphia.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have just finished reading the most interesting book, The Grail. If I was to enter in that letter contest

I would say my favorite book is the Grail. I look forward to it every month.

Last week at school we studied about Sir Galahad, the Knight of King Arthur's Court who went in search of the Holy Grail. The story is very interesting and I would advise many other children who are readers of your book to read it too.

Your new friend,
Marie Seaman.

426 Vincennes St., New Albany, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am a newcomer asking for admission to the "Corner." We have taken the "Grail" for two years and like it fine though I never had the courage to write before.

New Albany is one of the three fall cities on the Ohio river. The other two are Jeffersonville, Ind., just east of us, and Louisville, Ky., on the south across the river. We have two Catholic churches, Holy Trinity and St. Mary's. I go to Holy Trinity Church and belong to the Catholic Community Center. I am on the Holy Trinity basket ball team and we play on the C. C. C. floor. We have the best basket ball floor in the fall cities.

I will now tell you about myself. I have grey eyes and brown bobbed hair and am seventeen years old. I attend the New Albany Business College and enjoy music, books, and all sports.

Will some of the Cornerites please write to me especially those from other states.

Yours,
Helen Merk.

235 Fairmount Ave., Newark, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been reading the Grail for nearly four years and read the Children's Corner. I am sending you this letter to ask you if I may join the Corner. I find it very interesting, especially the stories for I am very fond of stories.

I have some stories home here which I would like to send to you to publish if you would accept them.

Age 12, Grade 7, St. Vincent's Academy.

Helen Moynihan,

To encourage Our Boys and Girls to write original stories, THE GRAIL is always willing to accept for publication in the "Corner" such as are suitable.

207 McRoberts Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am typewriting this letter to get permission to be a member of the "Letter Box."

I hope all the Cornerites will be pleased to accept me. Toronto is a city larger than Peterboro, Hamilton, Oshawa, Quebec, Kingston, and a little smaller than Montreal. Hoping you will receive and print this letter, I am,

Your new Nephew,
Frank O'Neill.

146 So. Colony St., Meriden, Conn.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Having read in the "Grail" magazine of your letter contest, I thought I would try for a prize. If I don't succeed this time, I will use the favorite motto, try, try again.

I am in the eighth grade and I attend St. Rose's School. I have been in this country nearly three years. I was born in Cork City, Ireland, and I attended S. S. Peter and Paul School. When my father died, my mother and I left the dear spot and came to America.

I like this country very much, still, Ireland is dearer to me for I miss the old friends and acquaintances.

Meriden is a nice place but it is rather small, the population being thirty-six thousand people. We have a fine public library, a city hall, Community Building, etc. The latter was erected by our beloved pastor, Rev. J. Neil. I go there swimming every week. Indeed our muscles develop quick from the good exercise. I will tell you all about our school in my next letter.

Yours truly,
Louise Galvin.

P. S. I would like to have some of the girls in the "Children's Corner" write to me.

1525 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

I am writing this letter to let you know that I would like to join the Children's Corner.

I am twelve years of age and am in the seventh grade of St. Joseph's School. The pastor of the school is Rev. Father Newman and his assistant is Rev. Father Schiller.

The population of Wilmette is over ten thousand. It has a number of grocery stores, a theater and a police station and many other kinds. The occupation of my father is a police officer.

Lake Michigan is about a mile away from my home. In winter it has large icebergs and many sea birds.

Your unknown friend
Marguerite Steffens.

McKeesport, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am only a new one for you, but I hope you will be glad that I write to you. I love to go to school but I like these books, "The Grail," still more.

It is very nice to hear the birds singing. I think Nature is very good to call spring to us. We play school in spring, for it is nice to do so. When it rains it is the best time. We can't go out but we have better fun indoors.

I have a baby brother whom I love very much. I love babies. He is 6 months old this month of March. I am ten and I am in the fifth grade. I think I will write many more times.

Your new friend,
Bertha Faix.

2104 S. Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am a newcomer and am going to try my best to make this letter interesting.

I am fifteen years old and work in Chicago. I have dark brown hair brown eyes and a rosy complexion, but am not good looking.

This is the first time I have used a typewriter and am going to learn to use it better the next time I write. It is the first time today that I have seen your book and am glad I did, for it made me forget the blues.

Now I will tell you about my family. There are my mother and father, my brother, who is fourteen, and the dog. My brother's name is John, and my dog's name is Jessie. Jessie is real fat and tries to dance.

I am not fond of many sports but baseball, football, soccer, swimming, and rowing. I don't think that is much when one has so many things in the city, but I do not get much time to do these things except in the evening, as I work from seven-thirty until four o'clock and have little time for play, for I have to make the supper and get the house set straight.

I think the Corner is a most interesting place and it helped me to think how far it is carrying letters to people and how many things it helps us to learn.

I go to the continuation school in Chicago. It is called the Winchell and there are only girls in the school, that is the girls who have to work. They go there one day a week from eight o'clock until five. There they learn how to cook, sew, take care of babies, and also to do typing and other things. I take up the domestic course and so I cannot take up the office work.

I will now close with the hope that this letter is interesting, for I am doing it in work. As there is nothing to do, I thought I would try to work on it. I hope the Corner has some more interesting letters, for I cannot wait for the next one.

With best wishes to all,
Margaret Martin.

15 Cedar St., Everett, Mass.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

As you know, I am a newcomer, that is, in reading letters I am not, but in writing them I am. I am eleven years old and I am in the seventh grade of the E. E. Hale School.

I am quite sure you were well pleased with the number of letters in the April issue. I think those letters from Africa are so very interesting and I think it is very nice for us children of all nations to meet through the Corner.

Enclosed you will find my letter which I wish to have entered in the "Letter Contest." Next time I will write about Everett.

Lovingly,
Margaret A. Landry.

Letter Contest

To encourage our Boys and Girls to write interesting and worth-while letters to the "Corner" we have opened a "letter contest." As was announced some months ago, a prize will be given for the best letter of the month. Read the following rules carefully and do your best:

LETTER CONTEST RULES

Each letter must be original.

Write in ink, or use typewriter, if possible.

Use one side only of the paper.

Leave a margin of three inches at top of first page.

Leave margin at each side of page.

Sign your name and address at the right, and your age and grade at the left.

As prize for the best letter of the month we shall give a certificate together with a print of one of Abbey's beautiful paintings, of which there are fifteen, representing scenes from the legend of the "Holy Grail." Both the certificate and the print are suitable for framing.

But one prize will be given each month.

Letters must reach the "Corner" by June 30th for the August number of "The Grail." The subject for August is—"My Favorite Catholic Newspaper. Why?"

Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

"MY FAVORITE CATHOLIC BOOK. WHY?"

From the many Catholic books I have read, I choose the book entitled, "The Christian Maiden." The words are translated from the German and come from the heart and pen of good Father Bremschied, who fully understands the ways of a maiden that wishes to live a pure life. It explains briefly but understandingly holy religion. 'Here and there it gives us the lives of some great saint as an example. Besides, there are a few prayers printed in the back of the book.

Naturally enough one would think that a book con-

taining this very valuable information would be very expensive. Not so with "The Christian Maiden." Every thing is told as briefly as possible without harming its value; it is a very small edition and therefore very inexpensive. It is a very valuable guide to every Catholic girl. I especially treasure my edition as it was given me by the late Rev. T. J. Mahoney, former pastor of St. William's Church, Dorchester, Mass.

Margaret A. Landry, Age 11, Grade 7,
15 Cedar St., Everett, Mass.

1914 Clement Ave., Alameda, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am seeking admission to the "Letter Box" and I go so far as make sure I am admitted.

This is a contest letter and I intend to make it appear as such.

I am a notorious bookworm and thus I have read many books. Do not be scandalized as my parents are most careful about the books I read. The "My Favorite Catholic Book" contest comes directly in my line.

My favorite Catholic book is "A Mother's Sacrifice."

It tells the sufferings of mind of a young man who thinks he has committed murder. It also entails the sufferings of the girl he loves, who is torn between love and duty. The young man's mother is an invalid and for this reason is not told of her son's crime. But at last the man gives himself up to justice. The mother also learns of it. In giving some important evidence, the guilty one confesses that he committed the murder and thus comes a happy end. I think this is a good book not only because the Sisters recommend the book but because of the excellency of the book itself. It is a good book for girls from about 13 years up. It measures up to every standard of a Catholic book, and is in turn pathetic, exciting, and ends, as almost every interesting book does, with happiness.

These, dear Aunt Agnes, are my reasons for choosing this book. If this letter is to be printed in the "Grail," I shall take this opportunity to write more, as the chances are I may not write again for a long time.

I am 13 years of age and live in Alameda, California. I have not lived here a year and I have not that wonderful gift of observation, so I do not know very much about it. Alameda is in the vicinity of Oakland, being separated from it by a canal. It is a quiet residential place and boasts of beautiful residences. Oakland is more lively and since it is in view from my house, and we go there quite often, I consider myself as living there. Oakland has not the dingy tenements of New York but beautiful apartments and for poorer people smaller apartments. But large or small, rich or cheap, Oakland is clean, as every city should be. Lake Merritt is also an object of great beauty. Idora Park in Oakland has the world's largest flashlight, which contains 5 hundred million candle power. I have very often seen it at night in the sky moving from east to west. But if I were to mention all Oakland's light, I would probably not have paper for another letter. Now I see some New Yorkers and Chicagoans and other cornerites, give a sniff and hear them say, "Is that all?" but also recollect that I said something else about other letters.

Well, dear Aunt Agnes, I guess I have said enough for my first letter and as a last request to all Cornerites, "Please write to me." I have already given you my name and address and promise a sincere welcome to every letter which I shall be sure to answer.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Scardigno.

Exchange Smiles

(Contributed)

Father: "Robert, why is it that the little Smith boy, who is so much younger than you, is ahead of you in school?"

Robert: "I dunno; I 'spose his folks are smarter than mine."

Bill: "If germs come from Germany and parasites from Paris and pains from Spain, what comes from Ireland?"

Jack: "Search me."

Bill: "Mike Crobes." (microbes).

"The teacher spoke to me after school today, Mama."

"What did she have to say?"

"She asked me if I had any brothers or sisters."

"You told her you were the only child?"

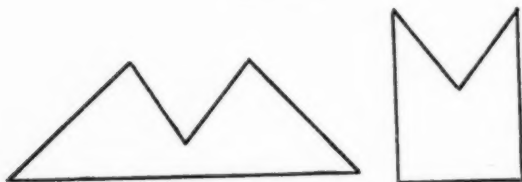
"Yes, and she said, 'Thank heaven.'"

Jimmy: "Granny, do your spectacles magnify?"

Granny: "Yes, of course they do."

Jimmy: "Won't you take them off when you cut me another piece of cake."

Puzzles



Cut out four pieces of paper, two each like the forms that you see above. Now put them together to form a cross.

Contributed by Veronica Stellmach: I am a sentence of seven words, which are composed of twenty-three letters. Turn the numbers into the corresponding letters of the alphabet and read me. 20-8-5 7-18-1-9-12 9-19 1 22-5-18-25 7-15-15-4 2-15-15-11.

Jumbled Dogs: Ieloc, blul, phesher, chutd donuh, poeldo, xfo retriever, dailirae, zipts, tionerp, lineaps.

Word square: A wild cat of Texas, a possessive pronoun, work of erosion, what painting and music are.

Charles William Tennent contributes an interesting problem in arithmetic. Take your pencil and paper and try it. How many years of 365 days each would it take to count \$76,439,587, 059, 450, if I count 50 cents a second, eight hours a day, $5\frac{1}{2}$ days a week? Don't count New Years Day, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, nor two weeks for vacation (that is, eleven counting days). Note that all the above holidays fall on working days.

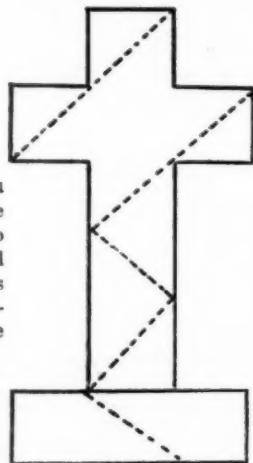
A blind beggar had a brother. Now the blind beggar's brother died, but the brother that died had no brother. What relationship did the blind beggar bear to the blind beggar's brother?

Margaret Steffens offers the following: Spell "dry grass" with three letters.

Here is another problem in arithmetic to make you think: Divide the number 18 into four parts in such a way that the first part is increased by two; the sec-

ond, diminished by two; the third, multiplied by two; the fourth, divided by two. Which are the four numbers?

Last Month's Puzzles



In THE GRAIL for May you were directed to cut out nine pieces of paper, according to the directions given, and place them in such a way as to form a Roman cross standing on a base. Here is the cross. Did you get it?

You were also directed to change three of the matches, which form the figure to your left, so as to make three perfect squares, as in the figure to your right. See how easy it is.

How many of you were able to place the figures 3, 4, 4, 7, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, in nine blocks —three sets of three each, one above the other—so that any three, whether read from left to right or up and down or in the opposite directions, equal 20? Look over the solution.

3	8	9
8	8	4
9	4	7

"A shadow" is the answer to the puzzle in rime: "There's something seen that nothing is," etc.

Correct answers were sent in by Frank O'Neill, Toronto, Canada; Mary Scardigno, Alameda, California; William Reis, Jasper, Indiana; Mary Zielinski, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Marie Hemberger, Philadelphia.

Ruth Carlton's Test

(Continued from page 74)

coming today, from Lowell, with a lovely young girl, Mollie Livermore, to whom he is engaged. They will do him more good than doctors."

"Mrs. Caxton," called the druggist. Ruth took the bottle, mechanically, and went back, conscious only that she must not let herself think. It is wonderful how one can do it, and even smile and look cheerful.

Ruth was very brave, and held herself in with steady hand; but when the night nurse came, and she was free to lock the door of her room she had the issue with her soul. The thought of that other girl came with overpow-

ering agony. She threw herself upon the bed, the torture of it surging over her.

"He is mine," she cried. "I know he cares for me." Strangely enough, she did not blame Philip. She knew this was what he had tried to tell her and could not, and she felt that even now she could come between and win if she chose. For hours she lay there, the never-ceasing pain consuming, exhausting her.

At length she rose and threw open the window. A church clock chimed three. The night was radiant with stars. There came a quick revulsion of feeling. Ruth seemed to feel herself in that other girl's place, to realize her claim, her trusting innocence. What would it mean for her to know that another, even unwittingly, was stealing her lover's heart?

"God help me," Ruth cried aloud. Instantly the windows of her soul seemed to open, and the music of heavenly hosts floated in. Passion and jealousy slipped from her like evil garments as her better self responded to the higher influences. Reverently she bowed her head and whispered: "She shall have her chance. She was first."

The next day a formal little note went to Philip Dean: "Ruth Carlton regrets that her duties are such that she will not be able to see him. She is glad he is doing so well, and wishes him all happiness."

And Ruth, with great peace in her heart, exclaimed earnestly: "Thank God for my work!"

Sonnets of Holy Quest

4. The Quest Foresworn

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

"Non serviam—I will not serve"—Jeremias 2:20.

All Nature throbs from dawn's minutest peep;
Then the breeze wakens, twanging thro' the trees,
Birds to their song, and me from ease to ease;
While blossoms ope and pollen-commerce keep.

Ear, heart, and eye, drink here full joys and deep;
Lulled in yon world's broad-compassed reveries,
Rest—save perchance some other love should please—
Till sated bliss sootheth all sense to sleep.

Let never thy swift eye the Zenith seek;
Joy in this brodered earth till stars be lit;
Let never this quick ear heed Gospel lore;
Let weak, unmanly minds choose to be meek;
And if there be some Seeker infinite,
Vainly would He enslave one angel more.

Abbey and Seminary

—Rev. F. Hunkemoeller, of Coesfeld, Westphalia, who spent nearly two years in the United States in

promoting the cause of Anne Catherine Emmerick and also in the interest of his fellow sufferers in Europe, left us in March on his way back to Europe. During his sojourn in America, Father Hunkemoeller travelled considerably over the eastern and the middle states. In that time he acquired a fluent command of English; he delivered in English and in German 289 sermons and 183 lectures. Wherever he went, Father Hunkemoeller made many friends who will be glad to welcome him again at any time to our shores.

—Mr. Francis Donnelly, who is to be ordained to the priesthood at the approaching ordinations, received the orders of the subdiaconate and the diaconate respectively from the hands of Bishop Howard at Covington, Ky., his home town, on the Monday and Tuesday after Easter.

—At the power house a new coal bin has been built with a roof of concrete. The coal wagons will now drive on to the roof and drop the coal down into the pit through openings that have been left for that purpose.

—During Holy Week and on Easter the sacred music was very impressive. The voices of the boys and young men, who make up the chancel choir, responded wholeheartedly to the beat of the baton in the hands of Father Thomas.—Most of the priests of the community were absent assisting in outside parishes.—A number of visitors was here for the Holy Week and Easter services.

—In the past month several educational films, featuring Othello, also Caesar leading his victorious troop into the fray, his triumphal entries into Rome, likewise snatches from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. Each closed with a delicacy in the form of a short comic.

—Although the feast of St. Mark, which would have fallen in Easter week, was transferred to the Monday following, the procession to Monte Cassino took place as usual on April 25th.

—On April 29th the Hilger Sisters gave us a musical treat in the hall. That their rendition of classic selections on piano, violin, and cello was appreciated, was manifested by the hearty applause that followed each number and called forth frequent encores.

—May 2nd, St. Athanasius day, is always a day of rejoicing. Being the patron feast of the Rt. Rev. Abbot, Father Prior celebrated a Solemn High Mass, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed because of the concurrence of the First Friday. The chancel choir heightened the solemnity with sweet melody.

—Choir director Father Thomas took his choir to Huntingburg on May 2nd to give a concert in St. Mary's School Hall. A large and appreciative audience greeted the singers.

—On the afternoon of May 7th we were entertained in the Music Hall by an original play that was written by Mr. Daniel Lanning, a theologian of our Seminary, who is preparing for the missions in the diocese of Corpus Christi. The play, which features the Chinese missions, is both instructive and entertaining. We feel

sure that it will take well with the units of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, for which it is intended primarily.

—Rev. George Hoffmann, class of '94, pastor at Emery, S. D., came on May 10th to renew acquaintance with his *alma mater* and his "ancient" professors, of whom only few are here.

—The Seminarians held their annual fête on May 14th in "paradise"—the grove of evergreens to the west of the College. The place was ideal, but the day was cloudy and rather cool. Fortunately no rain fell to dampen the ardor of their youthful spirits. Volley ball was among the sports with which they passed the time.

—With the opening of spring, work has begun again in earnest on the new highway that passes through St. Meinrad. The working crews are divided into numerous sections.

—The ordinations to the priesthood will take place on June 10th. Minor orders will be conferred on May 26th and 27th.

—Among our alumni who made post-Easter calls were Fathers Edward Eisenmann, Jos. G. Tribble, Clement Hunger, Edward Russell, Henry Trapp, August Fussenegger, and Winfrid Sullivan.

—Rev. Elmer J. Ritter, class of '17, who has been assistant at the Cathedral at Indianapolis for seven years, received word on April 19th that the Holy Father had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. *Ad multos annos*, Dr. Ritter!

—Rev. Anthony Lehman, class of '20, has been transferred from Mt. Carmel, Illinois, to Stringtown; Rev. John Stoinski, another alumnus, has been transferred from St. Adalbert's Church, Chicago, to that of St. Mary Magdalen.

—Leo A. Krug, a student of the College from September '06 to January '09, died of heart disease at Kansas City on April 15th. The funeral was held on Holy Saturday at Evansville from the home of his parents. Mr. Krug was in the employ of the John J. O'Keeffe Company, who solicit subscriptions for THE GRAIL. *O'K Service*, house organ of the O'Keeffe Company, thus gives expression to its loss:

"It is with deep regret that we announce the sudden death of Leo A. Krug, who was Assistant Sales Manager in charge of Zone No. 8.

"Mr. Krug was with the O'Keeffe Organization from June 28, 1922. As Assistant Sales Manager he made a good record for himself, and his death will be a distinct loss to the Company. The prayers of all our Co-Workers are asked for the repose of his soul.

"Some time ago the Company at its own expense took out insurance on the lives of its executives for the benefit of their respective families. Mr. Krug's widow, under this insurance, will receive \$1,000."

Book Notices

In the Foreword to "Our Lady Book," which is compiled by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, the author informs

us that "the purpose of the present volume is to cultivate among the faithful a tender and practical devotion to Our Lady, which consists, first of all, in having a right understanding of the sublime prerogatives of the Blessed Mother of God; secondly, in honoring her as she is worthy of being honored, by means of meditation on her life and virtues, pious practices, and devotions, not only in the month of May, on Saturdays, and on her festivals, but also every day in the year; thirdly, in following her example and imitating her virtues; finally, in having recourse to her in all necessities with the utmost confidence in her goodness and in the power of her intercession at the throne of Divine Mercy." We have, in the first part, a series of reflections with numerous examples from the lives of the Saints, and thoughts for every day in the month, drawn from various sources. The second part is a complete manual of ordinary prayers and devotions. Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) are the publishers. The book contains 709 pages; price \$1.85 to \$4.75. X.

The "Passionist Mission-Book," a manual of 320 pages, now in its tenth edition, contains instructive and edifying readings on the Passion and on the Sacraments together with numerous practical hints for Catholics, besides prayers for Mass and other occasions. In several instances, however, the approved prayers might have been brought more up to date by consulting recent decisions from Rome. In the Divine Praises "Blessed be St. Joseph her most chaste spouse" should have been added; in the Litany of the Sacred Heart, the last invocation, "Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints," is omitted; likewise in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin the last invocation, "Queen of peace," is missing. According to a ruling of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (March 22, 1922) the invocation, "That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to bring back to the unity of the Church all those who have strayed away and lead to the light of the Gospel all unbelievers," should be inserted into the Litany of All Saints. In the sixth commandment of the Church (page 309) Catholics are said to be forbidden to marry within the fourth, instead of the third, degree of kindred. The fourth mission remembrance (page 313) exhorts the faithful to go to Confession and Communion once a month, which is not quite in keeping with the ideal set before us by the decree on frequent Communion. Apart from these minor faults, and a few typographical errors, the Mission-Book is commendable and is calculated to inspire love for the suffering Savior. D. B. Hanson and Sons, Chicago, are the publishers. A. S.

"Court of Conscience" is a book of instruction on the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter Cauley, a priest of the diocese of Erie. In twenty-two chapters the author has given the public some very popular instructions on these two great Sacraments. By way of comparison, examples that are taken from life very aptly illustrate the matter in hand. Neatly bound in cloth, "Court of Conscience" sells for \$1.00. Address Fr. Peter Cauley, 130 East 4th St., Erie, Pa.

"Franciscan Studies" is the name of a publication that "will serve as an organ for publishing the researches of Franciscan scholars." Twelve Friars of the Franciscan family (O. M. Cap., O. F. M., O. M. C.) in the United States and Canada form the editorial board. The January number (1924) is devoted to "Science in the Franciscan Order, A Historical Sketch," by Fr. John Lenhart, O. M. Cap. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York, is the publisher.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Treasure Trove

IT was four o'clock of the afternoon, and the home-coming crowds would soon be packing the cars. Mickey McCluney, waif and newsboy, whose residence was, at times, Mrs. Singer's room, top, third-floor-back, or, when she was not in, any convenient barn, barrel, or dry goods box, came running down the street to the corner drug store, where the motorman of No. 6843 usually threw his bundle of papers each morning and evening.

But, before reaching the corner, Mickey had to pass old St. John's Church, black with age, and venerable with historic legend. He ran full speed, but at the center door, where a flight of granite steps came down to the pavement, he suddenly stopped. On the third step from the bottom lay something bright and shiny, and he stooped to pick it up.

"O—hhh," he breathed softly, as he examined it. "Wonder if it's gold?" And immediately, his poverty-stricken, beauty-starved little heart twined its tendrils tightly about the trinket. "Gee! Ain't it swell?" he commented, holding it off to get a better view. "I could wear it on my coat lapel just like the men wear gold buttons and things. Wisht I had a pin!"

Carefully putting it into the inside pocket of his worn coat, he resumed his run to the corner. There he met a pal.

"Oh Fat! C'mere! Wanta see somethin'?"

"Watcha want?" asked Fat, coming up.

"Put yer glimmers on this piece of joolry. Ain't I the lucky guy though?"

"Where'd you cop it?"

"On the church steps. Layin' there just as plain, shinin' in the sun, and no one seen it but me." Fat took the medallion in his grimy palm and turned it over and over. Finally, he wrinkled his nose in contempt, and passed judgment.

"S brass! 'N that there's nothin' but celluloid on top the pitcher. 'S no good."

Mickey was slightly insulted, and grabbed his treasure from Fat's hand.

"Betcha five dollars it's gold! Watcha bet?" Fat made a blasé motion with his hand.

"I wouldn't betcha two knucklers on it."

"Aw, yer only jealous because you didn't find it! Say—Fat, got a pin?"

"Naw! Whatcha want a pin for?"

"T' stick this on me lapel." A roar of laughter from Fat.

"Yer a nut! Here's a safety I found in de alley. Dat do you any good?"

"Yeh; gimme it." So Mickey pinned the medallion on his lapel, and proudly went for his papers. The eye of every passer-by was caught by the gilt oval, but this only made Mickey the prouder. It seemed his papers never sold so fast before. One man, being accosted, said, "I have a paper." But suddenly, seeing the medallion, he said, "Wait a minute, Bud; gimme two more." The druggist came to the door to lounge, in an unoccupied moment.

"Watcha got there, Mickey? Joined the Masons?" Mickey proudly looked down at his emblem. That was just what he wanted people to think—that he belonged to something or other.

"Ain't it a peach?" he said, grinning with his crooked teeth. "Found it." The druggist examined it.

"Dassent swear any more, Mickey, if you wear that."

"Why?" Mickey was all wonder.

"Well, that there is a picture of Christ, and people would think it funny if you wore such a picture, and then said bad words." Mickey looked up in awe-struck silence, and then back to his badge.

"Hm," was all he could think of to say. The druggist's half-bantering words had struck deep. A car had stopped. Mickey ran to sell several papers through the open windows, and also supplied those who had alighted.

"Hm," Mickey said again, when a lull came. "Is that what Christ looks like? I never knowed how 'e looked." He turned the badge over and examined it again interestedly.

Black-faced Mose was coming down the street, hands in pockets, whistling, ragged knickers flapping in the breeze. Mickey strutted before him, looking away in feigned unconcern.

"What yo-all got dere?" Mose was slightly taller than Mickey, so, rested his hands on his knees to get a better view. "Oh yeah; my mammy's got one o' dem. Mrs. Cahson gave it to her. She wears it on a string aroun' her neck fo' good luck."

"Yeah? Gee! No wunner my papers went so fast to-night. Looka here; I only got t'ree more, and it's only half past five. I'm a-goin' to wear it every day, I am!"

'Yassuh; my mammy, she say she nevah had such d— good luck wif her washin' befoah—'

"Here! Here! Don't you swear in front of this here pitcher! That's Gawd on there; Mr. Nagel said so, and you dassent swear in front of it."

'Gawd! 'Tis not! He doan look nothin' like dat.'

'What do you know? You never was in Heaven, was you? Mr. Nagel said it's Christ, and Christ is Gawd, ain't He?' Mose scratched his head in perplexity.

'Blame if I know. But say! I tell you what. Suppose I swipe my mammy's thing like that, and wear it tomorrow? Then we could make everybody think we belong to a secret sassiety or somethin', huh?'

'Yeah; go ahead, do that. Paper, mister? Papero!'

Whenever Mrs. Singer was at home in her top, third-floor-back, Mickey was welcome to a bed of rags on the floor in the corner. Sometimes she stayed with friends over night; then Mickey slept anywhere in the neighborhood. This evening she was in.

'Hello, Mis' Singer. Need anything from the store?' Mickey usually did her errands.

'Got any money?' was her usual hungry query.

'Yeah, a quarter.' Mickey had more, but he was too wise to let Mrs. Singer know it. He had been honest before, with the result that he had found his pockets empty on the following morning.

'That all ye got?' Mickey nodded.

'Well, go get us somethin' to eat with it.'

'Bread an' wienies?' Mrs. Singer nodded without looking up from the pile of trousers she had from the down town factory, to put the finishing touches to. It was tiresome, eye-straining work, and yielded but a pauper's penny, and she had often to labor far into the night to complete a batch of work, for if it was not finished by a certain time, they would not give her any more to do.

Soon Mickey was back with his purchases, and Mrs. Singer made coffee in a blackened tin pot, on an old-fashioned gasoline stove, and boiled the wieners in an equally black granite saucepan. Not until they sat opposite each other at the shaky kitchen table over their cracked, handleless teacups, did the lady notice the medallion Mickey wore so proudly.

'What's that?' she said, squinting her dim eyes, and making a crowd of wrinkles that emphasized the sharpness of her wizened face.

'I dunno what 'tis. I found it,' replied Mickey. 'It's got Christ on it.'

'Who?'

'Christ.'

'Let me see that. It's very idolatrous to wear such things.' Mickey took off his treasure and handed it to the woman.

'Aha! Just as I thought. One of those superstitious Catholic emblems. My boy, do you know that the Lord commanded that we shall make unto ourselves no graven images to adore and pray to?' Mickey scratched his head; it was all Greek to him. Mrs. Singer boasted Lutheran affiliations.

'Gosh! I don't pray to it!'

'Well, it's bad enough to even wear it. Look here; a heart on this side. Now, if that isn't idolatrous, I don't know what is. You shouldn't be seen carrying such a thing.' And she bent it ruthlessly in half.

'Hey! Wotcher doin'? Gimme dat!' And, like a young tiger cub suddenly aroused, Mickey leaped up and snatched the medallion away from her. But alas! The beautiful gilt frame was twisted, the celluloid cracked, and the picture within falling out. The quick tears sprang to the boy's eyes, and he put up his little brown fist and wept sorely.

'Now look whatcha went and done! It wasn't botherin', you none, was it? Ef you don't like Christ, you don't need to look at Him, but ye didn't have to go and bust my pitcher for me!' He hid it for safe-keeping in his coat pocket.

'Tis a good and virtuous work to destroy idolatrous images,' she replied, unmoved, straightening her lips into a thin line, and closing her eyes exaltedly.

'Aw gwan! Ye can keep yer supper and yer rag pile! I'll sleep in the public garage after this! Ye ain't goin' to bust nothin' o' mine any more!' And, bursting with indignation, he pattered down the three flights of dusty, cobwebbed stairs, as fast as his feet could carry him. Down on the pavement he took out his mutilated badge, and with tears rising anew, tried to bend it back into shape. But the celluloid would not straighten, and the picture kept falling out, so he put the parts back into his coat pocket, and thrusting his hands into his trouser pockets, he walked along with head down, glomy and disconsolate. Soon, however, he heard someone calling, far behind him, up the street.

'Mickey! Oh Mickey!' It was Mose, resplendent with a celluloid medallion pinned to his ragged shirt.

'I got it,' he said breathlessly. 'Where's yourn? I cut the string while my mammy was takin' a nap, and she dunno nothin' about it.'

'Shucks! Look wot Mrs. Singer done to mine!' And Mickey displayed his ruined medallion. Mose's face was all dismay.

'Whaffoh she do dat?'

'Oh, she said it was dolterous or somethin', and I oughtn't to wear it. Know what she means? I don't.'

'Search me. But I 'spec's she was jus' jealous, tha's all.'

Several days passed, and the First Friday came. Mickey, having slept the untroubled sleep of youth upon an automobile cushion in the public garage, arose rather late that morning. In fact, seven o'clock Mass was just over, and Mickey sprang up, thinking of the bundle of morning papers lying before Nagel's drug store, waiting to be sold.

As he passed the church, the people were just coming out. One lady, all in black, with a mourning veil upon her hat, had evidently forgotten to take off her badge after Communion, for it was the first thing that struck Mickey's eye as she came down the steps. He stopped

short before her and pointed to it. Shyness was not one of his drawbacks.

'Say, Missus, where can I get another thing like that? Mine is all busted, see?' And he took out the remains of his medallion.

'Oh, did I forget to take it off?' said the lady, more to herself than to Mickey. Then, taking note of his ragged clothes, she felt sorry for him.

'Why, dear child, you may have mine. I can get another.'

'Gee, but you're good! Thanks!' Mickey was beaming.

'Where do you live, little boy?'

'Me? I don't live nowhere. I sell papers.'

'But, haven't you any home?'

'Oh, I used to sleep at Mrs. Singer's, but she busted my gold thing, and I quit her. She says it's wrong to wear Christ on yer coat.'

'But it isn't. How could she say that?'

Just then, Mickey got a glimpse of a beautifully decorated altar through the open door, a statue with outstretched hands, and a brilliant, heart-shaped constellation of ruby lamps glittering before it.

'A—hhh!' said Mickey, craning his neck in open-mouthed wonder. 'Kin anyone go in there?'

'To be sure. But you must take your cap off, and kneel down.'

'I'm goin' in. Goo' bye.'

'Very well; good-bye.' Mrs. Belden looked after him, and understood that he was just a waif with no knowledge of religion. She thought with a secret thrill of the Sacred Heart badge she had just given him, and remembered the promises He had made to St. Margaret Mary. A little prayer arose in her heart: 'Draw him, oh sweet Sacred Heart! Fulfill Thy promises in him!'

Mickey went straight up to the beautiful altar, nor did he forget to remove his cap, and knelt down as Mrs. Belden had told him to. Father Edwards, who had often seen the newsboy in the neighborhood, was kneeling on the prie-dieu in the sanctuary, making his thanksgiving. He was surprised to see the boy, noting the badge on his lapel, and wondering if he could not have been mistaken in thinking he was no Catholic. But five minutes' observation of his behavior convinced the priest that he was no Catholic boy, although Mickey was respectful enough. Curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the sanctuary gate, and walked over to the young visitor.

'Do you belong to the League?' he asked, pointing to the badge.

'No sir; a lady gimme it.' The priest glanced quickly at the face of the beautiful statue with a breathed prayer. Here was visible evidence of the drawing power of the Divine Heart.

'Would you like to belong?' he asked kindly. Immediately, Mickey's face lit up like a thousand electric lights. Nothing could have pleased him better.

'Oh, you betcha life I would!' He began to feel very important now.

'Come over to my house then,' said the Father, leading the way. A little later, Mickey came out of the rectory, having spent a highly interesting fifteen minutes in Father Edwards' office. He carried a leaflet in his hand, which he was laboriously reading. Mose was seated on a doorstep farther down the street.

'Hey you, Mose! Come over here!' yelled Mickey. Then, as Mose approached, 'Lookut, I got a new one! And I belong to the sassiety too now. The minister took me in.' Mose looked jealous.

'Gee, wisht I could belong to a sassiety or somethin'! Mammy, she took away the pitcher when she saw me have it, and gimme a beatin' for takin' it. Wisht I had one o' mah own.'

'I know! C'mon, I'll take ye in to the minister. He'll take down yer name and let ye get in the sassiety. Mebbe he's got some more o' these badges, and he might give ye one. C'mon, let's ast him!' Mose went. Fifteen minutes later, two proud, happy boys went walking down the street, each with a Sacred Heart medallion pinned on his breast, and a leaflet in his hand; each had given his promise to Father Edwards to recite the Morning Offering every day. Moreover, he invited them to visit him whenever they had a mind to, which pleased them greatly. Father Edwards' Office, with its statues and pictures and bookcases, was a mighty interesting place.

Mrs. Belden came each day to Mass, and always watched the faces on the street eagerly, until she saw Mickey's bright, intelligent eyes smiling at her. He had begun to watch for her too. This went on for some time; then, one morning, someone yanked him out of his sleep on the cushion seat of a luxurious limousine which had been placed in the garage for the night.

'Say! Watcher mean, wakin' me up like that?' asked Mickey irritably. It was only one of the repair men, so he was quite brave.

'You're wanted in de office,' announced that greasy individual. Mickey was frightened.

'What—what for?' he said, in a voice above a whisper. The repairman became flippant at Mickey's expense.

'Oh, I think they's a cop in there, wants to pinch ye fer sleepin' in here every night. Little boys should go home nights.' Poor Mickey began to cry.

'But I ain't got no home.'

'In that case, they'll put ye out Bellefontaine Farm,' said the greasy one, callously.

'Den I'm goin' to beat it!' And Mickey sprang down from the car, only to be pinioned by the heartless repairman, and propelled, with much fighting and scuffling, to the garage office. But Mickey saw no dreaded policeman, as he entered. Only two or three men—one of them the 'boss,' and—Mrs. Belden! What was she doing there? Seeing he was frightened, she came forward, and put her arms protectingly about him.

'Well, Mickey,' said the boss, 'this is my wife. How'd

you like to come home with us and be our boy?" Mickey gasped.

"You see," explained Mrs. Belden, "our little boy died three months ago, and we're so lonesome!" Large tears in her eyes. Mickey pinched himself, and wondered if he were dreaming.

"You'll come, won't you, dear?" she asked, imploringly. Mickey studied the surrounding faces a moment, then turned and threw his arms about the lady.

"You betcher boots I will!"

Sodalists and the Missions

Now that the warm, balmy days of summer are approaching, many of our young ladies' sodalities are planning big doings—lawn parties, strawberry festivals, sewing socials, grocery showers, etc.

Some of these will indeed be interesting, besides being a great and wonderful help to the poor Indians out West or North, or wherever they may be. St. W——'s girls are planning a monster ice cream party out on the parish grounds. For admission they are charging some article in the grocery line—a can of corn, or peas, or tomatoes, or a pound of sugar or coffee or tea—just anything that is imperishable, and can be shipped away. The money that is collected from the sale of the ice cream will also be forwarded, and each girl has pledged herself to bring a cake, which will be sold at 5¢ per slice. During the winter they gave a Mission Social, sending out invitations mostly to girls, and admonishing them to bring along needles, thread, thimbles, and scissors. When they arrived on the appointed evening, they entered a hall beautifully decorated, and the five sewing machines belonging to the married ladies' sewing circle were strung out in a row in the center. Three bolts of gingham had been purchased with personal donations from each sodalist, and patterns of simple dresses to cut out. At eight o'clock the social began. Forty-seven girls had arrived—ten of them with their beaux! Oh what laughter and bantering and fun! The boys entering into the spirit of the evening, donned thimbles, and meekly did anything their lady loves commanded them to. And oh, the pierced fingers, the uneven stitches that had to be ripped and done over, and the relegating of some of the clumsy ones to the refreshment tables at the rear as a punishment! They were very willing to be punished. But one or two of them would not be outdone by any girl! They sewed on buttons, basted hems, gathered waistlines, etc. And there was a prize for the best work! Needless to say, one of the boys won it.

These girls' heads are crammed full of good ideas. One of them laid down some of them for me. Sometime in the winter they intend giving an Indian War Dance, to which all must come dressed as Indian braves or maidens. The boys will be given 'peace pipes' to smoke, and must buy 'wampum' of the sodalists for each dance. Their pastor is to be the Big Chief; he

will make a speech on the Missions, after which all the company will join hands all around the hall, and drums will be beaten, while all hop around slowly in a circle, in the fashion of a war dance. She is all enthusiasm, and a genius for inventing entertainments. Let us hope she will succeed in carrying out all of them. If any sodalists are interested, I will be glad to send them more of Mary S——'s suggestions.

Famous Women---Elizabeth Barrett Browning

In the west of England, a few miles from the ancient town of Ledbury, in full view of the beautiful Malvern Mills, Elizabeth Barrett lived from infancy to womanhood. There she wrote verses at the age of eight, and even earlier; at eleven she composed a great epic, called 'The Battle of Marathon,' and her fond father had fifty copies of it printed. Her love of Pope's Homer led her into the study of Greek. She gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made her head ache with it.

In her studies she had as guide Hugh Stuart Boyd, a man noted for learning, though blind. She afterward described him as enthusiastic for the good and beautiful, and one of the most simple and upright of human beings. In her sonnets, she embalms his memory, and her beautiful poem, 'Wine of Cyprus,' recalls her youthful studies.

Mrs. Browning was described as being of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side, of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, and a smile like a sunbeam. In her twenty-ninth year, she broke a blood vessel on the lungs. As it refused to heal, her physician, at the approach of winter, ordered her to the milder climate of the coast. She went to Torquay, Devonshire, accompanied by her elder brother and other relatives. One morning, this brother, with two friends, embarked on a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Being excellent sailors, they dismissed the boatmen, and undertook to manage the craft themselves. Suddenly, as they crossed a bar, the boat went down, and all perished.

Miss Barrett, (at that time still unmarried) being still physically weak, was utterly prostrated by grief and horror at the tragedy, and hung between life and death. Unable to be moved from the sheltered house below the cliffs, she was obliged to remain there throughout the winter, and to her grief-stricken mind, the shrieking of the winds seemed like the moans of the dying.

And now began the long years of physical martyrdom, during which she was unable to be about, but her beautiful spirit did not repine. Instead, she kept her mind busy with study, and her soul roamed through the universe, picking up all that was good and beautiful, and imprisoning it in deathless verse. She was

only able to write while lying on her back, but she was a most patient sufferer, and when not laboring with her pen, found solace in her best beloved friends—books. She read almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and gave herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born the priestess.

In 1844 she published 'The Drama of Exile,' and with it, gathered into two volumes, all that she wished to preserve of her previous publications. At the end of the first volume was a poem, in which she eulogized, in a few words, one of Robert Browning's works—'Bells and Pomegranates.' The book fell into his hands, and he read with delight what she had written of him, and feeling that he must thank the author for her poetic compliment, he called upon her.

The impression they created upon each other must have been favorable, for after that, he called again and again. Mutual esteem ripened into love, and though her family was opposed to the match, she gained her point, and married him. Life with a good man's love to lighten her spirit, seemed to do for her what medicine could not. She began to improve noticeably, and they decided to move to sunny Italy, where she got better wonderfully, and beyond her hopes. The deep emotions of her heart have been sweetly and tenderly revealed in those exquisite poems, which she modestly called 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' in order to veil somewhat their true origin. Robert Browning was worthy of the love which she lavished upon him, not only for his genius, but for personal worth. They had a child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, who afterwards exhibited a remarkable genius for music and drawing.

The Brownings had their home at Florence, in the grand and gloomy Casa Guidi, which her genius has immortalized, and where husband and wife lived and wrote for more than twenty years. She used chiefly the large drawing room, which opened upon a balcony filled with plants, and looked out upon the old church of Santa Felice. It was fitted up with bookcases, and the walls were hung with tapestry, pictures of the saints, and portraits of Dante, Keats, the boy Browning, and John Kenyon. Near the door was a low arm-chair, beside which stood a small table strewn with writing materials, books, and papers. This was the favorite haunt of the genius of the place. Here she worked, dreamed marvelous visions, and wrote poems full of ethereal fire.

She died at Florence, June 29, 1861. On the front of the gray walls of Casa Guidi is a memorial tablet, bearing this inscription:

'Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the scholar's learning and the poet's genius, and made with her verse a golden bond between Italy and England. To her memory grateful Florence has erected this tablet, 1861.'

A Woman's Health

When you feel you have so much to do that you

don't know what to do first, it's a safe rule not to do anything for a few minutes, and take this time for rest and relaxation, or laying out a plan, by which each duty is tabulated in the day's work, and followed out in order. More nervous energy is wasted over unaccomplished work, than is needed to do that same work.

Many little, often irritating, details, go to make up a woman's day, and if we are going to conserve our nervous energy, we must take note of every least movement of our body which, unnoticed in the morning, will pile up a burden of fatigue on our shoulders by evening. For instance, the way you sit in your chair at work or at meals, may be placing unnecessary strain on back and shoulder muscles, the two points of attack for fatigue. It is seldom that a person is even seen standing in a position which gives the body a chance to do its work properly, and supply the needed energy for work.

An easy, well-poised sitting or standing position will actually rest overstrained muscles. However, a few moments' rest and relaxation, or a bit of a nap, should be a part of the home maker's daily program. One doctor holds that a twenty-minute or a half-hour nap each day is of incalculable value to a woman; even if one cannot sleep, to stretch out and relax one's muscles across a bed for a short time is wonderfully refreshing.

Then, sinks, tables and working surfaces—especially wash benches and tubs, where the woman does her own laundry—should be placed at the right height, so as to do away as much as possible with excessive bending. If blocks of wood are placed under a too low worktable, or nailed to the washbench or machine, it will be surprising with what a minimum of fatigue one's hardest labors can be performed. Of course, the modern electric washing machines are quite high, but many a woman has labored away for years over tubs set far too low for her height, without dreaming that the simple, inexpensive expedient of nailing on some blocks would save her that evening backache or half-dead feeling.

A daily schedule for household duties will do much to save confusion and that irritating sense of hurry which so frazzles out a woman's nerves. At least, each day ought to be assigned its special duties, if the housewife does not care to work out a time schedule of daily operations. It is as important to the smoothness of running household machinery that every task have its time, as that everything has its place.

Recipes

BEEF STEAK PIES: Have two pounds of round steak ground, then make a crust the same as for pie, only do not roll quite as thin as for pie. Season your ground meat with pepper, salt, chopped onion, and a dash of nutmeg, then put on the top crust, cutting holes for steam to escape, as in a fruit pie. At each hole, a pinch of butter or lard may be placed, so that the

meat may not be dry. Slice cold for the lunch box, or hot as you would meat loaf.

A DELIGHTFUL JELLY CAKE: Cream one cup of shortening and two cups of sugar. Beat five egg yolks with a teaspoonful of salt, and add to the creamed shortening alternately with a cupful of milk. Then add four cups of flour, in which four teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mixed. Bake in a moderate oven in layers, for twenty minutes. When cool, spread layers with currant jelly, and cover the top with white icing, made of the egg whites.



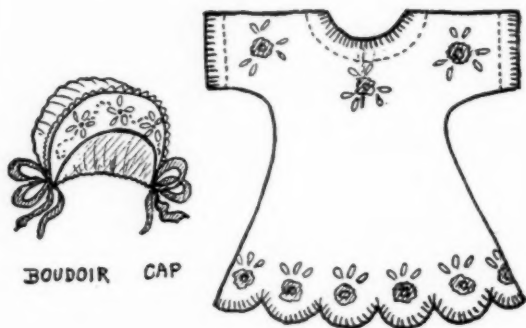
Cretonne Hat Cabinet

In a house where there are few closets, and the family numbers four or six, it is often a problem what to do with the many hats and caps that accumulate. For such people a little cabinet like the above will prove a boon, and the best part of it is, that it costs so little to make.

This one was made of a large dry goods box, set up on small square legs, which were neatly enamelled in white. The body of the cabinet was first covered with paper, then with a gay but inexpensive cretonne—

bunches of bright pink flowers on a pale green background. The borders around the doors and on the top, were of plain green sateen, forming a pleasing contrast to the figured material. The doors themselves were made of one side of the box—the boards nailed together with a crosspiece, top and bottom, and fastened to the cabinet on small hinges. Then a small copper-colored spring catch was purchased and screwed on, a shelf put inside, and the left-hand door fastened to the shelf with a hook. It proved very pretty, besides doing away with the problem of hiding hatboxes. The inside was lined with pale green sateen, shelf included.

Child's Dress and Boudoir Cap



BOUDOIR CAP

The design for child's dress is very effective worked out on pink or tan linen, with black or blue buttonholing around edges, flowers in pink on the tan dress, or in yellow on the pink. On a white dress, lavender flowers and buttonholing are very dainty. The boudoir cap is of pink crêpe with pale blue embroidery and ribbons, or blue crêpe, with trimmings in pink—or any other of the delicate shades may be used and contrasted. Patterns 15¢. Dress, pink, blue or tan, ready stamped, \$1.50. Address Grail Embroidery, 3343A South Compton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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No. 2035. Pretty Summer Style, that cuts all in one piece as shown in the accompanying diagram. Flowered voile, fancy silk crepes are suitable if you want a "best." For general warm weather wear on the porch or to market, make it in gingham, chambray or linen. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material with 1½ yards of binding and 2½ yards 1¼-inch ribbon.

No. 1957. The Popular Use of Pleats is exploited in this goodlooking style, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measures. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material

with 1½ yards 24-inch contrasting. Made in a combination of printed and plain silk crepe or cotton, this design would be very attractive. Entirely of one material, it would also be pretty.

No. 1789. Easily Made Summer Style. The diagram shown below the sketch shows how simply this design is constructed. It is so simple, in fact, that one would need no sewing experience to undertake the task of making. Printed voile, batiste, flowered dimity or summer silk would be nice made up in this style, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 take 3 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 1804. One-Hour Dress. So easy to make that you could finish it in an hour recommends this pretty style to the busy woman who loves pretty clothes and who has little time to spend in their making. The soft unstarched cottons both plain and printed and summer silks are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40,

42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 1814. One-Piece Dress for Girls. The junior girl will be pleased with this pretty style and mother will like it too for not only is it attractive but it is also very easy to make. You see by glancing at the accompanying diagram that the entire dress cuts in one piece. White, blue, daffodil yellow or meadow green voile trimmed with valenciennes lace would make a pretty "best" made after this pattern which comes in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The printed cottons and summer silks are also suitable while tissue gingham and the cheaper cotton stuffs might be used for general wear. Size 8 takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2079. An Overblouse you'll find many uses for. It is cut smartly short of sleeve although if you wish, sleeve extensions are provided for in the pattern which comes in sizes 14, 16, years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Cretonne, printed and plain cottons and summer silks might be used. Size 36 takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch goods.

No. 2127. One-Piece Play Romper. Since all that life seems to hold of interest to small people is play, why not make their wardrobes consist mostly of play clothes? Here's a romper that cuts all in one piece—a most practical as well as attractive garment for play hours. Make it in gingham, chambray, linen or mercerized cotton. Cut in sizes 1,

2 and 3 years. Size 2 takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2042. One-Hour Overblouse. Imagine it! A new overblouse in an hour. So simply constructed as you will notice by glancing at the accompanying diagram, that even if you've no sewing experience, you could make it in an hour. The plain and printed voiles and novelty cottons and fancy silk crepes are suitable. Cut in sizes 16 years, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 1795. One-Piece Dress for Girls. The sides of skirt are laid in pleats to give a graceful width to the skirt. The pattern cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 takes 2 yards 36-inch material.

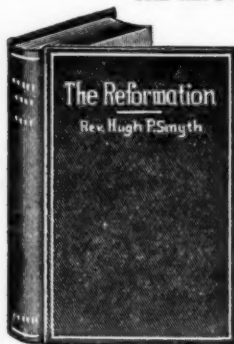




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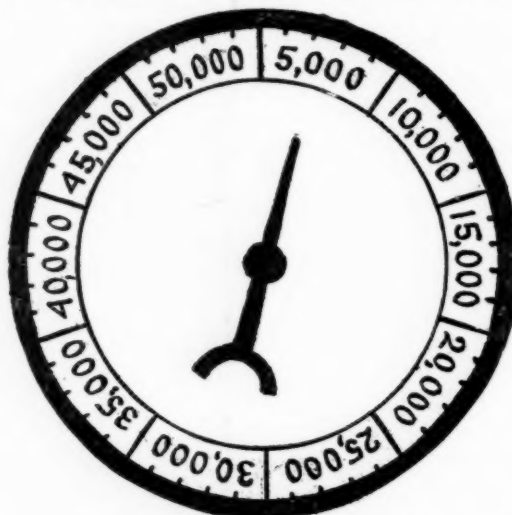
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